The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Tuning Up for "The Digest's" Presidential Poll

THE RUMBLE OF ACTIVITY is beginning for what has been called "the second greatest event of a Presidential year."

It stirs the blood, that familiar rumble.

All who have ever borne a share in the varied and far-flung labors of a LITERARY DIGEST poll know the kick that comes with the preparations to start it off under a full head of steam.

Twenty million envelops to be addrest by hand.

Twenty million ballots to be printed.

Twenty million letters to be prepared, folded, and inserted in those envelops.

Twelve thousand mail-bags to be mustered into service.

Forty thousand extra square feet of floor space to be provided, making a total of 60,000 square feet devoted entirely to the preliminaries of the job of finding out who will be the next President of the United States.

The activities we have mentioned are just samples of the many and varied ones stirred up by the colossal machinery of a DIGEST poll, which creates employment for thousands, both directly and indirectly, and brightens many faces.

Paper by the carload—and especially the costly ballot paper which, by baffling any would-be counterfeiters, insures the integrity of the great prophetic forecast engineered by this magazine.

Just the addressing of envelops furnishes a ready harvest of welcome work to some 2,500 women and men of superior penmanship.

Ever since our great Prohibition poll in the spring—a poll which shook the nation and helped to revise the policies of Presidential candidates, to say nothing of national party platforms—THE DIGEST'S enormous polling list has been undergoing one of its periodical revisions—a source of employment to a large clerical staff.

AND so it goes. The rumble of activity swells. Pretty soon the addrest envelops will be ready for mailing—million upon million. A staff of postal clerks large enough for a whole city the size of Birmingham, Alabama, or Kansas City, Missouri, will commence sorting the letters, sealing the mail-bags and sending them off directly by train to post-offices all over the country, thus obviating any congestion at the New York general post-office.

But first, of course, the ballots and explanatory letters will have been inserted in the envelops by the flying fingers of our hundreds of experienced girl workers, whose dexterity has amazed thousands of newsreel audiences.

In other words, another DIGEST Presidential poll will be going full blast, the returns will be published in these pages week after week, poll news will go out over the air, and the whole country will be talking, arguing, attacking, defending, rejoicing, or repining over the accumulating results.

Will it be Hoover, or will it be Roosevelt?

If there were a modern Sphinx, or Delphic Oracle, to answer the questions of puzzled humanity, it would surely be besieged by Americans seeking light as to the next occupant of the White House.

"Who will be the next President?"

Perhaps never in history has that question been fraught with more anxious significance in the minds of the American people, and also of the outside world, than in this third year of the great slump.

"The time has come," we read in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "when wise men put little faith in political reports. Only one thing may be accepted with confidence—a poll such as THE LITERARY DIGEST has conducted for many years.

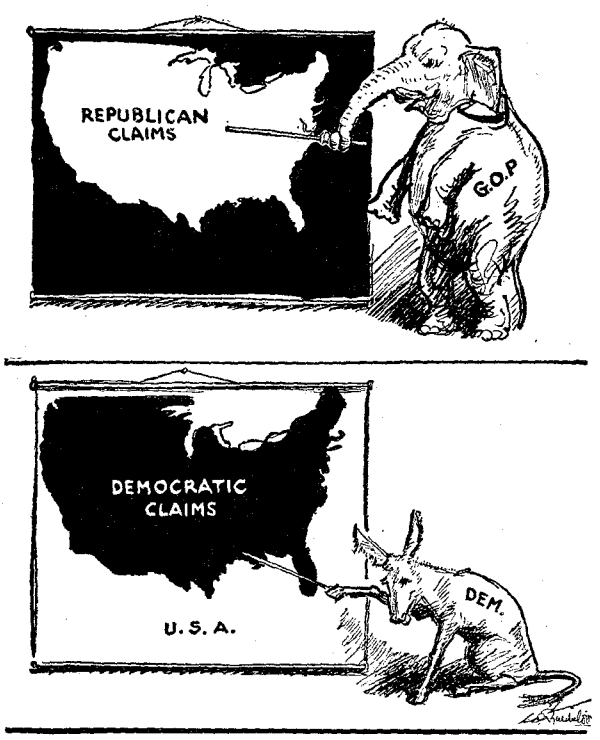
"How much, we wonder," adds this commentator, "would one of the major parties pay to have such a poll avoided in this campaign?"

But perhaps the human curiosity of both major parties would overcome any timidity felt by either or both of them regarding the revelations to be expected from THE DIGEST'S poll. It's such a convenience to know, several weeks before the fateful first Tuesday after the first Monday in November—it falls on the eighth of the month this year—which Presidential candidate is going to be elected.

That feat of news gathering before the event has become associated with the name of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

AGAIN THE DIGEST is putting in motion the vast polling machinery which achieved prophetic results of such "uncanny accuracy" in 1924 and 1928.

And again we have every reason to believe that through the DIGEST poll the country will know the name of its next President some time in October.



Some One Is Away Off

—Batchelor in the New York "Daily News."

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TABLE OF CONTENTS ON PAGE 39

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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Roosevelt's Economic Credo

"THIS IS GOING TO BE a real old-fashioned campaign, with no blows barred."

After the comparatively gentle beginnings of the political contest, these words are forced from editorial lips by Governor Roosevelt's slashing attack on the Hoover record in his Columbus speech and the sharp retorts made to it by Republican office-holders, campaign speakers, and newspaper writers.

"Smashed to star-dust" is the theory that Franklin D. Roosevelt is a "soft speaker," concludes the friendly St. Louis *Star*, while the Hartford *Courant*, which much prefers President Hoover's ideas and policies, can't help acknowledging that there is plenty of "ridicule, irony, eloquence, and indignation" in that Ohio speech with which the New York Governor really began his active campaign. There are tributes to his style even from the sharpest critics of his conclusions. The Cleveland *News* (Rep.) even suggests that the New York Governor may have unconsciously acquired a certain facility at wise-cracking through his late close association with the Hon. James J. Walker.

Of course, the Columbus speech aroused very different reactions in different circles, reflects David Lawrence of the Consolidated Press. The Republicans think Mr. Roosevelt "made a tactical error in making a personal attack on his opponent, and that he overreached himself in holding the President accountable for stock-market speculation in 1929." And then the Democrats, for their part, "feel their candidate made an aggressive speech, full of fight, and that they can look forward to sharp punches and a live campaign."

Disinterested opinion, as interpreted by Mr. Lawrence, "is that the New York Governor made the most of the vulnerable points in the Hoover record and made a general bombardment which fits in with the negative mood of the electorate, but that when it came to suggesting remedies as to what he would do about it he was rather nebulous and vague."

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"The Administration Did Not Tell the Truth"

This, said Franklin D. Roosevelt at Columbus, was the "real crime" of the Hoover Administration in handling the depression.

UNDOUBTEDLY there is a wide-spread sentiment in favor of a change of national administration, which is entirely due to business depression, says William H. Grimes in *The Wall Street Journal*, and, he continues, the line of campaign which Governor Roosevelt initiated in his Columbus speech "is designed to feed and appeal to such sentiment." Then, in their turn, Republicans have made and will continue to make answers to the Roosevelt charges—

"They will point out that the Democratic candidate is laying on the door-step of Hoover things which occurred before Mr. Hoover ever entered the White House. They will say that he is demanding that Mr. Hoover should have seen further and run counter to the best economic and business thought of the country, which would have been impossible for Mr. Hoover or any one else to do. They are pointing out that the regulation of exchanges and of security issues, which the Governor advocates, is not truly a subject for Federal legislation but State legislation, and that the business of the exchanges and issuing houses is centered in Governor Roosevelt's own State.

"It may be that those answers will be well reasoned and, if one cares to reason about the matter, somewhat devastating. However, it should not be neglected that a speech such as was delivered at Columbus is likely to have a strong appeal to such people as bought bonds which have defaulted or who have seen the prices of the stocks which they purchased in 1929 and 1930 fall to a mere fraction of the price at which they were quoted at the time of purchase. The question remains whether these people are in a reasoning mood or whether they are in a mood to take what vengeance they can."

COMMENTING on Roosevelt's use of the depression to attack Hoover, Mark Sullivan of the New York *Herald Tribune* comes to the conclusion that:

"The best the Republicans hope for is a recovery sufficient to bring peace of mind to the country by giving the people the feeling that the worst is past, that no new shocks are ahead, and that the country is on the upward path. That this state of mind, if it comes fully to pass, will reelect the President, is hardly doubted by any one."

This is not the first time that Columbus—meaning the Ohio city, of course—has figured in a Roosevelt political campaign featuring "the common or forgotten man," the New York *Times* recalls. It was in Columbus on February 21, 1912, that Theodore Roosevelt practically started his great Progressive campaign. And by accident or design, it was in the same place on August 20 that Franklin D. Roosevelt made his first important campaign speech since the brief acceptance address at Chicago. With him on the platform were the Big Four of Ohio democracy: Newton D. Baker, James M. Cox, Gov. George White, and Senator Robert J. Bulkley. The speech was devoted to the economic issue which the Governor has several times called the dominant one of the campaign. He began with an attempt to tie up the acts and utterances of the Hoover Administration with the economic collapse. He blamed the President for not doing something to warn the nation when back in 1928 storm-clouds were already visible to expert watchers. The situation was made worse by the Administration's attitude toward foreign loans and the tariff. At this point Governor Roosevelt retold the story in "Alice in Wonderland" language:

"It has been suggested that the American public was apparently elected to the rôle of Alice in Wonderland; and I agree that Alice was peering into the wonderful looking-glass of the new economics.

"White knights had great schemes of unlimited sales in foreign markets and discounted the future ten years ahead. The poor-house was to vanish like the Cheshire Cat. A Mad Hatter invited every one to 'Have some more profits,' tho there were no profits, except on paper. A cynical Father William in the lower district of Manhattan balanced the sinuous eel of a pool-ridden stock market on the end of his nose.

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"A puzzled, somewhat skeptical Alice asked the Republican leadership some simple questions.

"Will not the printing and selling of more stocks and bonds, the building of new plants, and the increase of efficiency produce more goods than we can buy? No, shouted the Jabberwock, the more we produce the more we can buy.

"What if we produce a surplus? Oh, we can sell it to foreign consumers.

"How can the foreigners buy it? Why, we will lend them the money.

"Of course, these foreigners will pay us back by sending us their goods? Oh, not at all, says Humpty Dumpty. We sit on a high wall of a Hawley-Smoot tariff.

"How will the foreigners pay off these loans? That is easy: Did you ever hear of a moratorium?"

After quoting a number of Administration statements on the business situation, the Governor proceeded to sum up the history of the Hoover Administration in four sentences:

"It encouraged speculation and overproduction through its false economic policies.

"It attempted to minimize the crash and misled the people as to its gravity.

"It erroneously charged the cause to other nations of the world.

"It refused to recognize and correct the evils at home which had brought it forth; delayed relief, it forgot reform."

TAKING up the President's acceptance speech, Governor Roosevelt called it "an exposition of the doctrine of American individualism," against which should be set facts like these:

"We find two-thirds of American industry concentrated in a few hundred corporations, and actually managed by not more than 5,000 men.

"We find more than half of the savings of the country invested in corporation stocks and bonds, and made the sport of the American stock markets.

"We find fewer than three dozen private banking houses, and stock selling adjuncts in the commercial banks, directing the flow of American capital within the country and to those 'backward or crippled nations' on which the President built so heavily."

Then the Governor proclaimed his own economic creed:

"I believe that our industrial and economic system is made for individual men and women; and not individual men and women for the benefit of the system.

"I believe that the individual should have full liberty of action to make the most of himself; but I do not believe that in the name of that sacred word a few powerful interests should be permitted to make industrial cannon-fodder of the lives of half of the population of the United States."

Finally, Mr. Roosevelt proclaimed a group of "fundamental remedies" intended to protect "the great mass of average American men and women," who "have been forgotten by those in power." And this nine-point program, being too long to quote entire, is summarized in the center of this page.

The general impression made by the Roosevelt speech has already been noted. But it will be interesting to set down a few representative editorial characterizations. In the State where it was delivered, the Democratic Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says "it makes good reading for a people fed up on platitudes and false prophecies." "In its directness, clearness of expression, and courage of attack, Governor Roosevelt's address was a statesmanlike document ranking with the best ever delivered by a Presidential candidate," concludes the Atlanta *Constitution*. "Certainly," says another Southern Democratic daily, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "it is the keenest, clearest, most powerful address of his career." If he keeps on making such speeches, "there is no doubt of his election," the Macon *Telegraph* thinks.

"A new declaration of independence," the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.) calls the Columbus address:

"A declaration against Wall Street tyranny—as essential to the existence of this nation as the original declaration against British tyranny.

"The same forces which destroyed British rule 156 years ago are destroying Republican rule to-day—colossal selfishness, stupidity and complete misunderstanding of economic laws.

"In November Franklin Roosevelt will be elected President by the common people that Wall Street and the Republican party forgot."

BUT there are other dailies which find the criticism of the Administration a neat and workmanlike job, but which consider the Governor's constructive suggestions vague, superficial, or impractical. Among these are the New York *Times* (Dem.), New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.), and Chicago *Evening Post* (Ind.).

And, finally, there are sharp, emphatic, thoroughgoing characterizations of the whole speech as "demagogism at its worst," which is the Republican *Herald Tribune's* phrase. The speech, says the Charleston (W. Va.) *Daily Mail*, "was more like that of a second-rate politician than that of a man engaged in an honest search for truth." Nothing but criticism, comments the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.)—

"Criticism of Hoover because he was not a prophet. Criticism because he did not know what nobody then knew; because he did not stop the boom (we would have lynched him if he had tried it), and because he has not stopt the depression. And an utter ignoring of the fact that, to stem the tide of depression, and keep it this side the Niagara for which it was headed, Hoover has marshaled the resources of the nation, public and private, on a scale unexampled in history. Part of the speech is parodied from 'Alice in Wonderland.' The rest might well be."

THERE is not the slightest doubt, similarly observes the Minneapolis *Tribune* (Rep.), "that if Mr. Roosevelt is to win the election he will have to win it on the issue of depression, but neither is there the slightest doubt that he will have some difficulty persuading the American people that Mr. Hoover deliberately led the nation into the severest depression of all times":

"If the President failed to sense the signs of the impending cataclysm in 1929, it is no less certain that no leader of the Democrats arose in his prophetic might and warned the nation that the crack of economic doom was going to sound.

"And if the Republican Administration failed to deal with the depression as constructively and as infallibly as Mr. Roosevelt, with his rare gift of hindsight, could wish, it is still not on record that the Democratic leadership, as typified by Mr. Garner in the Lower House, came forward in the crisis with the semblance of a sound or workable solution."

Similar criticism comes from representative dailies like the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, *Wall Street Journal*, Manchester *Union* (Rep.), Washington *Post*, Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.), Columbus *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.), and Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Rep.)

Roosevelt's 9-Point Economic Program

Summarized by the New York "Times"

1. Efforts to prevent the issue of "manufactured and unnecessary securities," and to insure full information to the investor in legitimate issues concerning the use of his money, including a demand that the sellers disclose their bonuses and commissions.
2. Full use of Federal power for regulation of holding companies.
3. Federal regulation of the Stock Exchange and other exchanges.
4. More rigid supervision of national banks.
5. Discouragement of the use of bank deposits for speculation.
6. Complete separation of investment and commercial banking.
7. Barring the use of Federal Reserve funds for speculation.
8. A pledge against implied approval by the State Department of foreign flotations in this country.
9. No government attempts to influence the stock market by "misleading statements."

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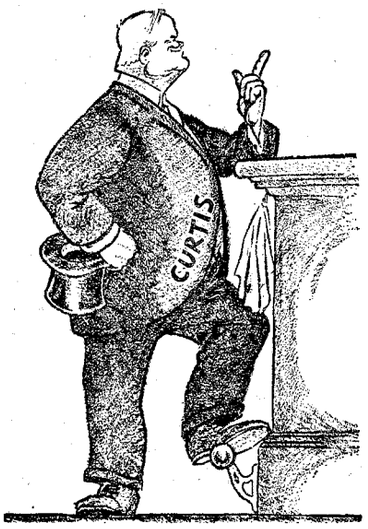
A Dry Blast From Curtis and Kansas

"I AM NOT ONLY IN FAVOR of honestly and fearlessly enforcing all our laws but, further, I am opposed to the return of the saloon, and I am opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment."

Formally accepting renomination at Topeka, Kansas, on August 18, Vice-President Charles Curtis comes out flatly, frankly, and fearlessly as a dry.

The rest of his acceptance address is lost in the tumult and shouting produced by this unequivocal statement concerning Prohibition. However wet they may be at heart, dailies unflinchingly loyal to the Grand Old Party spring gallantly to the defense of our seventy-two-year-old Vice-President. He is merely taking advantage, they claim, of that provision in the Republican national platform which permits members of the party to decide for themselves whether they favor repeal or revision.



"Sarsprilly!"

—Page in the Louisville "Courier-Journal."

"Facing both ways!" in derision bawl many independent and Democratic dailies. These pounce upon the Curtis pronouncement as evidence of a preconcerted Republican plan to rake in the Mid-Western dry votes by a dry policy in that region, and wet votes emphasis upon the President's announced dissatisfaction with the working out of the so-called "noble experiment."

Such papers make much of the fact that "Charley" Curtis's acceptance speech was not honored with a radio "hook-up" over a national network.

It was, in the words of the ironic St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind. Dem.), distinctly a folksy, neighborhood affair:

"'Good old Charley,' as Mr. Curtis was everywhere known, and greeted, before he scaled his present official heights, quickly restored the occasion to its Kansas locale. There he was, a plain, blunt man, in frock coat, striped trousers, and the inevitable gardenia in his lapel, a Kansan of the earth earthy, addressing his neighbors and friends and the carefully selected radio hookup in easy conversational style."

BEFORE sampling the loyal praise and hard-boiled cynicism which snaps and crackles in editorial columns, let us listen to what the Topeka *Daily Capital* (Rep.) praises as "the plain speech of a plain man," which, "by its frankness and sincerity and by its plain language," will appeal to the man in the street. As reported in the press, Mr. Curtis said:

"The Republican platform recognizes the fact that the people should have full opportunity for the expression of their will on the question of amending the Constitution, and makes no distinction as to the Republicanism of the members of the party because of their stand on the Prohibition question.

"It clearly points out that the Constitution provides the manner in which amendments to it may be made, and if changes are desired in it, they should be made in the way the Constitution designates.

"While the people may differ as to the wisdom of the enactment of a particular piece of legislation, or as to the amending of the Constitution, it is impossible to ignore the Constitution.

"The Republican party pledges itself to the faithful enforcement and the vigorous execution of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and to prevent the return of the saloon.

"I believe in meeting the issue squarely; I am a strong believer in the rule of the majority, and feel that the people should at all times be given full opportunity to express their opinion on the Constitution or amendments thereto. But personally I am not only in favor of honestly and fearlessly enforcing all our laws, but, further, I am opposed to the return of the saloon, and I am opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment."

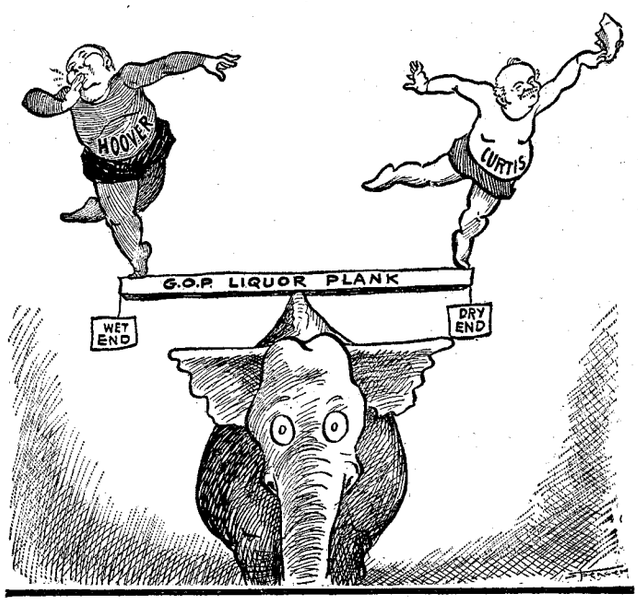
Leading spokesman of the "wet" section of the Republican press, the New York *Herald Tribune* (Ind. Rep.) declares that "no one would challenge the right of Vice-President Curtis to say . . . that he is personally opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." This expression the New York daily characterizes as "honest but gratuitous," adding:

"Tho we regret both the opinion and its expression, it would be foolish to exaggerate the importance of either. As a Kansan addressing a Kansas audience and with a consistently dry record behind him, Mr. Curtis's sympathies would have been no secret to the country had he kept them to himself. And his championship of submission overshadows them. This, after all, is the stand that counts."

THE list of stanch Republican dailies which defend the Vice-President's stand and the right to express his uncompromising dry opinion without violating the spirit of the party platform is a long one. It includes such party organs as the Charleston (W. Va.) *Daily Mail*, the Manchester *Union*, the Troy *Record*, the Indianapolis *News*, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, while the Kansas press, with the exception of a few big city dailies, stands unanimously behind its distinguished son.

The Denver *Post* (Ind.), consistently dry, and widely circulated in the Rocky Mountain section, commends the Vice-President for his frankness, and adds that "there is neither logic nor consistency in the arguments of the wets for the repeal of Prohibition."

On the other hand, stinging criticism is not limited to the partizan Democratic press. Independent Republican dailies join in a swelling chorus of ridicule. Disillusioned cynicism finds expression in so many conservative, independent dailies that a visitor from a foreign country or another planet might conclude



It's a Great Show!

—Spencer in the Omaha "World-Herald."

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this country has lost all faith in its political leaders. Typical is this comment from the Chicago *Tribune* (Ind. Rep.):

"The two candidates are running-mates on the same ticket, but they are poles apart on one of the principal questions of the campaign.

"To confuse the confusion further, there is nothing on the subject in the party platform to indicate that one is regular and the other a rebel.

"The platform, boiled down, merely says that a modification resolution should be submitted by Congress to the people of the States represented in conventions assembled for the specific and sole purpose of voting the resolution up or down.

"It is more apparent than ever that the Eighteenth Amendment is a question in the Congressional district elections. The action of the Democratic House of Representatives in refusing to carry out the immediate-beer pledge of the Democratic convention was evidence of that, and evidence goes further. It is a personal question in each district.

"The opponents of national Prohibition must elect a Congress which reflects the opinions of the American people on Volstead."

EVEN more severe is the criticism of the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Dem.). "It is a strange and unusual contrast, and one which completes the catch-all device which the Republican party seems determined to set up on this issue." Furthermore:

"What with a platform that looks both ways on the Eighteenth Amendment, a Presidential candidate who confesses that the Eighteenth Amendment is a failure and a Vice-Presidential candidate proclaiming the exploded doctrines of the Anti-Saloon League, it ought to be easy for the Grand Old Party to satisfy all comers on the Prohibition question—excepting only the growing army of those who want to see something positive and final done by way of reform."

All Ready for a Clean-up
—Meb in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

Despite the warfare of words precipitated by what more excited dailies head-line as the Curtis "bombshell," it becomes increasingly evident, to less perturbed editors, that the dryness of Mr. Curtis can be no decisive factor in the actual solution of the Prohibition problem. The Detroit *News* (Ind.) is but one of many papers to point out that Mr. Curtis's proclamation is nothing to wrangle about:

"If he is reelected, he is bound by the platform. As President of the Senate, he has no power. Under the Constitution he has no vote unless the Senate is evenly divided; and since an amendment to the Constitution requires a two-thirds vote, there can not be an even division.

"So, what the Vice-President thinks about a resubmission amendment is of no account whatsoever. He is handcuffed and powerless.

"Even if he should be elected and subsequently become President, he would still be bound by the platform not to veto or oppose in any way a resubmission; and he himself has said that the people 'should at all times be given full opportunity to express their opinion on the Constitution or amendments thereto.'

"So, when Mr. Curtis says he is opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, he speaks as an ordinary citizen of the United States—not as one whose opinion is backed by power."

WHILE the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church characterizes Mr. Hoover's stand as "bitterly disappointing," it praises Mr. Curtis:

"Refreshing and commendable for its honesty and courage is the candid utterance of Charles Curtis, candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket, and to that candidate only can commendation be given.

"The supporters of the law throughout the land will be well advised if they direct all of their energies to the election of dry Congressmen."

The New Ottawa Trade Pacts

BRIGHT RED PENS FLASHED under a blaze of newsreel lights, and the first Imperial Economic Conference, at Ottawa was at an end.

On the table lay twelve trade agreements freshly signed by leaders of nine nations of the British commonwealth.

They represent, said Prime Minister Bennett of Canada, "a definite advance toward closer empire economic association."

But what do they mean to Uncle Sam? All during the month of negotiations he was kept on the anxious seat over the prospect of losing a big slice of foreign trade. Even now, we read, he does not know what the Ottawa agreements will cost him, for all details have not been made public.

Some estimates have it that the Canada-United Kingdom agreement will take from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 trade away from us every year. An unofficial report from Ottawa, carried by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, says the total loss to us of all the pacts may be upward of $300,000,000.

But Washington does not seem worried, and a large section of our press feel that whatever loss we may suffer will not be serious. Others again declare that it is all our own fault for building such high tariff walls ourselves.

In the Anglo-Canadian agreement affecting potential sales of American manufactures in Canada, 220 items are listed. Details are to be published later, we are told. Among the commodities affected are iron and steel products, cotton and woolen fabrics, chemicals, flat glass, toilet accessories, gum, tableware, and leather.

This new economic plan, adopted for a trial period of five years, but provided with loopholes, aims to increase the trade and prosperity of the British Empire as a whole. But the pacts, as one paper remarks, represent a foundation rather than an edifice.

"Analysis of the series of agreements," writes Charles A. Selden in the New York *Times*, "shows that the following outstanding concessions were made:

"Great Britain surrenders—except to the Irish Free State—her right to impose duties on the imports from British countries that she now places on foreign goods. In other words, Great Britain will continue to be a free market for all the natural products of all the dominions. More than that, Britain will put a tariff on corresponding commodities from foreign countries.

"The effect of this will be, for example, to give to wheat from Canada and Australia an advantage of six cents a bushel over foreign wheat in the United Kingdom market. Native wines and some fruits from Australia and South Africa will gain a similar assistance.

"Dairy products, eggs, poultry and pork products of Canada, Australia and New Zealand are to have new advantages under duties to be imposed hereafter on such foodstuffs, now largely supplied by Denmark and other European countries. The chief benefit of New Zealand and Australia is the British agreement to restrict or tax the imports from foreign countries of mutton, lamb and beef.

"India is to receive greater preferences than she now has on such products as carpets, rugs, tanned hides, jute manufactures and sandalwood oil.

"In return, the dominions undertake to give new preferences to the manufactured exports of Great Britain, and in many cases to put them on the free list while continuing to impose a tariff on similar goods from foreign countries.

"This part of the new arrangement applies particularly to

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Canada, because it is the most industrially developed of all the dominions. Canada now agrees to let in 220 different British commodities either duty free or with added preferences to enable them to compete not only with foreign goods but with some of the steel and other factory products which Canada is making.

"There are, however, many disappointments over the net results of the conference. The chief of these is that of the Canadian lumbering interests because Great Britain has refused to increase her 10 per cent. tariff on foreign timber, and also because the Canadians are not satisfied with Britain's assurance that she will prevent the dumping of Russian lumber."

"The whole must be regarded as one further step by Great Britain away from her historic policy of free trade," says *The Times* in an editorial—

"It may prove that she has done something to bind the empire together, yet that losses elsewhere will overbalance this gain. In particular does the British Government appear to have weakened its position and authority in the coming world economic conference, where it was expected to take a strong line against tariffs as an impediment to general recovery. How can it curse what it has just created?"

"GREAT BRITAIN'S hope that out of the negotiations would come a far more closely knit imperial economy very definitely broadening her own export markets has not been realized," says the New York *Evening Post*. It thinks that these pacts "are not likely to affect American trade very seriously."

On the financial page of the same paper is exprest the pessimism felt by many observers:

"If the peoples of the world are awaking to the need for greater sanity and more good horse sense in respect of the matter of trade restrictions, there was no evidence of it at Ottawa, any more than there is in the United States of America, where post-war superexcesses in such matters were well started on their way some years ago.

"Just as the United States has its conception of a self-sufficient, walled-in domestic market, just as the Germans of all people are bowing down before the image of what is now there termed 'Autarkie,' just so has Great Britain, popularly thought of as the home and the haven of refuge of unrestricted trade theories, her powerful advocates of Empire self-sufficiency.

"Wrong-headedness on this question of reasonablness in permitting goods to pass from one country to another seems indeed to be a world-wide disease."

"OTTAWA, many economists believe, will mark an epoch," writes William Philip Simms in the Washington *News*—

"It will either lead to economic groupments of nations, surrounded by insurmountable tariff walls, else pave the way for world tariff reform.

"The Washington edict that tariffs are a purely domestic concern is now seen as obsolete as the dodo, whichever way the balance swings.

"Tariffs, like armaments, are provocative. In one as in the other, nations must shape their policies largely by what their neighbors are doing. Tariff policy, as well as armament policy, therefore, lends itself to international conference and adjustment, a fact which, it is said, the United States will soon be driven to recognize."

Wide World

Pioneer of the Stratosphere

Dr. Auguste Piccard, Brussels physicist, emerges from the aluminum gondola in which he completed his second balloon exploration of the earth's "envelop."

Rivalry in the Stratosphere

A SILVER BUBBLE floats southward in the afternoon sky above the Italian Alps.

It descends, and becomes a heavy aluminum ball attached to a gradually deflating balloon. This metal globe threatens to drop into the placid waters of Lake Garda, in northern Italy, that hot afternoon of August 18; but soon it shoots to the field at the southern extremity of the lake so violently that the metal cabin is dented by the impact. The nearest village is Cavallara di Monzabbano.

The tired, wan, but smiling face of Prof. Auguste Piccard appears at the porthole; the gathering crowds roar at this modest Swiss-born physicist who might have stept out of the pages of a scientific romance by Jules Verne, but who, with his twenty-six-year-old assistant, Max Cosyns, now enjoys the strange honor of being the first, as the Boston *Post* puts it, "to look upon the earth as from another planet."

Thus the fantasy of one century becomes the fact of the next.

To newspaper correspondents, Professor Piccard announced that he believed he had attained an altitude of some 16,500 meters—54,133.7 feet, or slightly more than ten and one-third miles. This, estimates the New York *Herald Tribune*, is approximately 2,340.5 feet higher than the record attained by Dr. Piccard on his first exploration of the stratosphere, in May, 1931.

WHILE our dailies speculate on the scientific significance of the atmospheric oceans which envelop our planet, to certain observers it becomes evident that this pioneer exercises no "monopoly" in the exploration of what the poets call the "empyrean." Without belittling Professor Piccard's splendid achievement in risking his life in pursuit of remote scientific truths, Waldemar Kaempffert, a scientific expert, points out in the New York *Times:*

"It was a fortunate coincidence for science that a few days before Professor Piccard made his second record-breaking ascent into the stratosphere, Prof. Erich Regener (of the Stuttgart Institute of Technology) should have sent unmanned sounding balloons to a height of seventeen miles and there measured the intensity of the cosmic rays with automatic instruments.

"Regener announced that the cosmic rays do not increase in intensity with altitude at the rate deduced from previous observations made on mountain tops or from records made by instruments carried aloft by unmanned balloons.

"Altho Piccard attained a height that falls far short of that reached by Regener's instruments, physicists will turn to his readings with a new interest. Will they confirm Regener's findings? Whether they do or not, Regener's announcement is important scientific news. It may be that the cosmic rays are of terrestrial origin."

Another striking coincidence is noted by the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

"Strikingly enough, the day of the Piccard ascent was also the day when Dr. Robert A. Millikan told of the perfection of a new self-recording electroscope for measuring the behavior of cosmic rays, which he plans to attach to high-flight airplanes.

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"Now that Professor Piccard has demonstrated the feasibility of rising into the isothermal layer, and has himself learned something about it, we may expect the explorers who follow his track to have within a reasonable time far more sensitive and accurate devices for recording the phenomena of the upper air. So great is the sum of these advances that it is not too much to think we are facing the dawn of a new era of knowledge concerning the atmospheric envelop."

MANY American dailies seem more interested in practical possibilities than in the activities of the cosmic rays. Thus the Columbus *Enquirer-Sun* pictures rapid aerial transit of the future:

"While the flyers would encounter no clouds and, consequently, no rains, they would be speeding through a deep violet darkness despite the shining of sun, moon, and stars all at the same time.

"The cold is intense in the stratosphere, as temperature falls one degree for each thousand feet.

"The cabin of the plane, like Piccard's aluminum ball, would have to be air-tight, and oxygen carried to sustain life.

"A passenger might feel alarmed if the oxygen supply showed signs of being exhausted, but in such event it would only be necessary for the plane to descend some distance to where the atmosphere would not be too cold or thin to breathe.

"Several planes are now being built which will attempt flight in the stratosphere."

The Washington *Evening Star* adds interesting comparative data concerning man's attempts to reach "the ceiling of the world":

"Piccard's present attainment of more than 54,000 feet above sea-level is strikingly superior to the achievement of the Montgolfier brothers, in 1782. These Frenchmen, with a balloon inflated with smoke, made a ten-minute flight of one and a half miles, which was regarded as an astonishing feat.

"Until Piccard made his first ascent, last year, the official altitude record for balloons was held by Suring and Berson, German aeronauts, who reached 35,424 feet in 1921.

"Capt. H. C. Gray of the American Army twice surpassed 40,000 feet, but his performance was not given official acknowledgment, for the first time he was compelled to descend in a parachute, and on the next attempt he was found dead in his car when the balloon returned to earth.

"The greatest height scored by an aviator with a heavier-than-air apparatus was that of Lieut. Apollo Soucek of the American Navy, who in 1930 rose to 43,163 feet in a land plane."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WELL, anyway, immediate beer is as close as near beer ever was.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

PERHAPS the meek shall inherit the earth, but the inheritance tax will take it away from them.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

IF the G. O. P. is responsible for the preelection market boost, it's the best thing it has done.—*Weston Leader.*

RADIO reception is said to be better under than above ground. Alas, there is no escape!—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

MANY of the old Democratic postmasters are anxious to get back to the old stamping grounds. —*Chicago Times.*

FROM the looks of some of them it is hard to believe that no automobile is more than thirty years old. —*Florence Herald.*

WE sort of hate to see the depression end and then have to listen to Roger Babson explain how he ended it.—*Southern Lumberman.*

IT'LL be a long time before American taxpayers invest in another war to save a civilization that won't pay its debts.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Look—Betsy and I Are Killing the Bear"

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

MORE and more politicians are arriving at the conviction that there are only two sides to Prohibition to-day—the wet side or suicide.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

A LEGAL authority mentions that a cow has a legal right to use the road. Motorists say this only confirms what the cow seems to have known all along.—*Punch (London).*

ITALIAN war-vessels are the fastest in the world. Mussolini has probably figured out that naval security depends upon the fleet.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

SINCE both the major parties came out with wet planks, we've been watching for THE LITERARY DIGEST to claim, not without justification, that it was a straw vote that broke the camel's back.—*Little Rock Arkansas Gazette.*

WE live in so rapid an age that Model T Ford jokes are already classed as folk-lore.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

PERHAPS the reason why government costs too much is that we have too much government.—*Weston Ore.) Leader.*

THIS will be remembered as the year when the campaign was opened with a corkscrew.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

EINSTEIN can't decide whether the universe is static or dynamic. We can—we own a radio.—*Thomaston Times.*

THE depression lessons are so impressive that they aren't likely to be forgotten until the next prosperity spree.—*Weston Leader.*

THE difficulty with the average seaside boarding-house is to tell which is bed and which is board.—*The Humorist (London).*

IF Mr. Hoover does a second term in the White House, he will be the first Californian willing to be second in anything.—*Birmingham News.*

How can we expect those European nations to pay for the last war? It's hard enough for them to pay for the next.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phœnix).*

YOU see, Europe hasn't the money to pay war debts; but if the debts are canceled, it will spend billions for American goods.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

MUSSOLINI is now Premier, minister of corporations, of foreign affairs, and of home affairs. It still gives him a full 10 minutes before dinner to write a play.—*Detroit News.*

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SUBSCRIBERS about to change their address are urgently requested to send direct to the publisher, at least two weeks prior to the date when the change is to take effect, a postal card giving both the old and the new address.

THE LITERARY DIGEST.

As you anticipated, California claims that the shattering of so many records in the Olympic games was due to the climate.—*Washington Post.*

JUST when we were beginning to feel a little more hopeful, a New Hampshire authority broke the bad news. We are suffering from occupational obsolescence complicated by technological surplusage.—*The New Yorker.*

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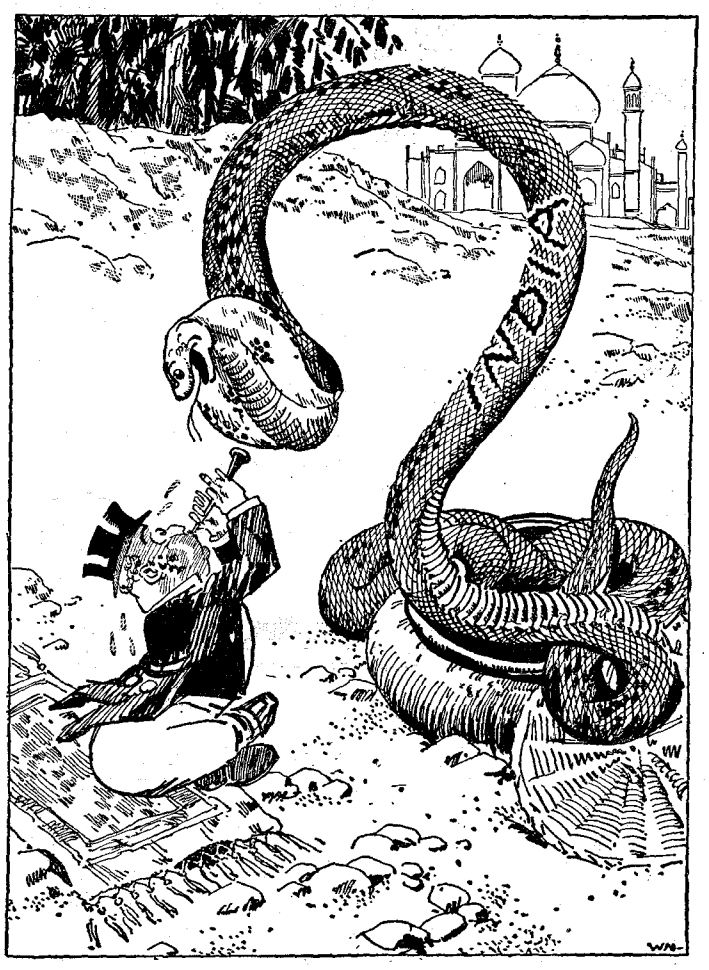
FOREIGN COMMENT

Indian Rage at MacDonald's Vote Plan

THE BOLD ATTEMPT of Prime Minister MacDonald to settle the endless disputes among communal Indian leaders, especially those of the Hindus and the Moslems, by a provisional plan for communal representation in the new Indian provincial legislatures, drives some Indian editors frantic.

"Revolution," instead of peace, will be the effect of his announcement, says one Indian editor. Another calls Mr. MacDonald's "communal award" "a thorough betrayal of sense and statesmanship." Still another declares that it will "throw the country into a vortex of communal passions."



John Bull's Steady Job as a Snake-Charmer

—"The Bulletin" (Glasgow).

On the other hand, many British editors in India and in England greet the MacDonald announcement as the only way out of the woods, altho there are those who think it has brought Indian matters to an "impasse."

Mr. MacDonald's statement, which affects one-fifth of the world's population, as the press note, details how the seats in the provincial legislatures of British India should be divided among Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Indian Christians, Anglo-Indians, Europeans, women, deprest classes, and various other interests, such as landowners and commercial groups which claim special representation.

IT is a provisional settlement, we read in a London copyrighted cable to the New York *Sun*, and is designed to end the squabbles that successively wrecked two Round Table Conferences, and which led to Hindu-Moslem riots in Bombay this year, wherein 218 persons have been killed and more than 2,500 seriously injured since May 14.

Despite the animosity awakened in some sections of India, by Prime Minister MacDonald's announcement, London press cables report his confidence that the Indian minorities will in time recognize the fairness of the plan.

The door is not closed to settlement by the Indians, he explained, and he pledged the Government to accept any alternative settlement agreed to by all the communities before the proposed India Bill, covering the new Indian Constitution, passes Parliament, next winter or spring. To cite Mr. MacDonald's own statement:

"We never wished to intervene in the communal controversies of India. We made that abundantly clear during both sessions of the Round Table, when we strove hard to get the Indians to settle this matter among themselves.

"We have realized from the very first that any decision we may make is likely—to begin with, at any rate—to be criticized by every community purely from the view-point of its own complete demands.

"But we believe that in the end considerations of Indian needs will prevail, and all communities will see that their duty is to cooperate in working out the new Constitution which is to give India a new place in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

"We should be only too glad if at any stage before the proposed bill becomes law, the communities can reach an agreement among themselves. The Government will be ready and willing to substitute for its scheme, either in respect of any one or more of the Provinces or in respect of the whole of British India."

CABLED editorials to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Indian press reveal the Nationalist Delhi *Hindustan Times* in such an angry outburst that it has wild visions of "revolution." This newspaper exclaims:

"Out of the 1,548 councilors there are no fewer than 490 Moslems, whereas the representatives reflecting the real heart and mind of India number only 746. Such disparity is positively wicked. Punjab, Bengal, the northwestern frontier of the Sind have been handed over to the communal Raj, an action which only a revolution can upset."

In sharp contrast is the opinion of the Bombay *Times of India*, a leading English daily of Western India, which declares:

"Whatever imperfections the award may have, it does represent a method whereby the people of India can overcome one of the main obstacles to self-government. The decision is a temporary affair, a stop-gap until greater enlightenment and political experience bring about a communal concord."

The Calcutta *Statesman*, representing Conservative British opinion, admits there is ground for criticism in the award, but—

"Whatever the criticisms may be regarding one more seat here or one more or less there, the award does broadly and honestly carry out the intention that the minorities shall have a voice in the Government until such a time that India can conduct its affairs as one nation."

"The award is a gross injustice to Bengal and its Hindus," says the Calcutta *Advance*, and it proceeds irately:

"If this penalty is to be paid by this province on account of the activities of a number of revolutionaries, then we say it is a thorough betrayal of sense and statesmanship.

"Communalist bullies have won the day. MacDonald has paid his reactionary supporters the price of his office. Churchill and his understudy at the India Office have realized their dream and achieved their object. But the innings are not yet over."

The Calcutta *Liberty*, a leading organ of the Swarajist party, proclaims indignantly that the award will "create an uproar from one end of India to the other, and in all probability throw the country into a vortex of communal passions."

Still another newspaper voicing the feelings of the Indian National Congress i sues the warning that if the new Indian

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Constitution embodies the communal settlement announced by Prime Minister MacDonald, "all who are good and true in the country will refuse to touch it with a pair of tongs."

Editorials from the London press, cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, show *The Daily Mail* (Ind. Cons.) sharply critical of the Indian communal award:

"The scheme is open to the obvious objection that it is not democratic. Democracy in its most orthodox form proceeds by counting noses, giving power to that organization that can show the most noses. This is not the method the Government applies."

ON the other hand, the Laborite London *Daily Herald* praises the MacDonald plan, because—

"The giving of additional votes to members of the deprest classes on account of their economic and social disabilities will be a new and valuable precedent for all constitutions. Hitherto, additional votes have been given the wealthy and the privileged."

But the Conservative London *Daily Telegraph* remarks in consternation:

"The whole situation stands at an impasse. The principle of communal special electorates never had anything to be said in its favor except that the Indian minorities would consent to no other."

The Daily Telegraph also points out that the report of the Simon Commission definitely recommended that the plan for communal electorates "should not be applicable to the untouchables, Indian Christians, Labor, and women."

Women, who in reality should be grouped among the deprest classes of India, notes the New York *Sun* London correspondent above quoted, are assured a definite number of seats in the provincial legislatures.

For the first time, he points out, Moslem women are declared a recognized electoral body, which means an official stimulus to the breaking down of the purdah.

What is more, we are told, the European representation is decreased from 232 seats to 59, altho the total number of seats in the provincial legislatures has been raised to more than 1,500. This is said to be an extremely significant official recognition that the "official bloc" in local Indian legislatures should be abolished.

Corsica's Two Brands of Bandits

ALL THE BANDITS IN CORSICA are not gangsters, hold-up men, or criminals in any way resembling the types that have gained world-wide fame through moving pictures of gangsterland.

Yet they are bandits just the same, but some of them are "*bandits d'honneur*" and have "a strict code of honor." A very wrong impression of these Corsican outlaws has been spread abroad, says Hugh Speaight in the London *Morning Post*, ever since last autumn when the French authorities sent a special expedition to round up the bandits from Corsica's *maquis* or bush. From that time onward, he alleges, there has been a tendency for some imaginative writers to "represent Corsica as a sort of rural Chicago," and its bandits as glorified gangsters.

Others, among whom are to be found many Corsicans, have been equally emphatic in insisting that the Corsican bandit is practically non-existent. Both these theories are incorrect, according to Mr. Speaight, who goes on:

"The Corsican bandit undoubtedly exists, and is likely to continue to exist, but he should be regarded not as a serious menace to the peace, but as a picturesque—and not entirely unattractive—anachronism.

"To understand the situation in Corsica to-day, it is necessary to realize that there are two completely different types of bandits. There are the 'big guns' in the bandit world, the traditional '*bandits d'honneur*,' and there are the less scrupulous ones, who derive their inspiration from American gangster films, and whose business methods resemble those practised by the less desirable sections of the Marseilles underworld.

"The former are an object of local admiration—almost of veneration. Spada, who for years has defied capture, and who since the great Romanetti's death has been Corsica's 'star' bandit, has become an almost legendary figure.

"He is regarded by the peasants as a cross between Hercules and Robin Hood, and the stories of his exploits are legion. If some of these stories are more picturesque than truthful, one fact at least is certain: he is a master of disguise. One day he goes about drest as a priest, the next as a tourist, the next as a gendarme on the lookout for bandits."

A Viennese View

The Anglo-Indian Merry-go-round.

—"Götz" (Vienna).

The strict code of honor adhered to by men of Spada's type includes among the things they will not do, the following:

"They never rob tourists. They never stop motor-coaches. They never interfere with the postal services. They never kill save for reasons of revenge or self-defense."

SO, Mr. Speaight notes, it may be asked why such men become bandits at all, and he explains:

"Almost invariably it is the result of a vendetta. One man kills another, and to escape the consequences is forced to take to the '*maquis*.' From time to time he is obliged to rob in order to live; but, provided that he does not overstep himself, his depredations are regarded by the majority of the population with sympathetic tolerance.

"The 'smaller fry' are less desirable members of society. Corsicans and tourists are all the same to them; the postal cars inspire no awe in their hearts.

"The real bandit regards them with contempt, the peasant yearns for their extermination.

"It is primarily against these that the forces of the law are at present pitted; and there is reason to believe that Corsica will be completely rid of them before the end of the year.

"The '*bandits d'honneur*' have proved more elusive, and they will probably continue to exist so long as Corsica remains what it is. They are comparatively few in number, and cause little trouble to the inhabitants, and none to visitors.

"In fact, the foreigners, who visit Corsica each year in ever-increasing numbers, usually have only one complaint to make. They find that they can wander about the wildest parts of the island for months on end, unescorted and unarmed, and yet not so much as see a bandit."

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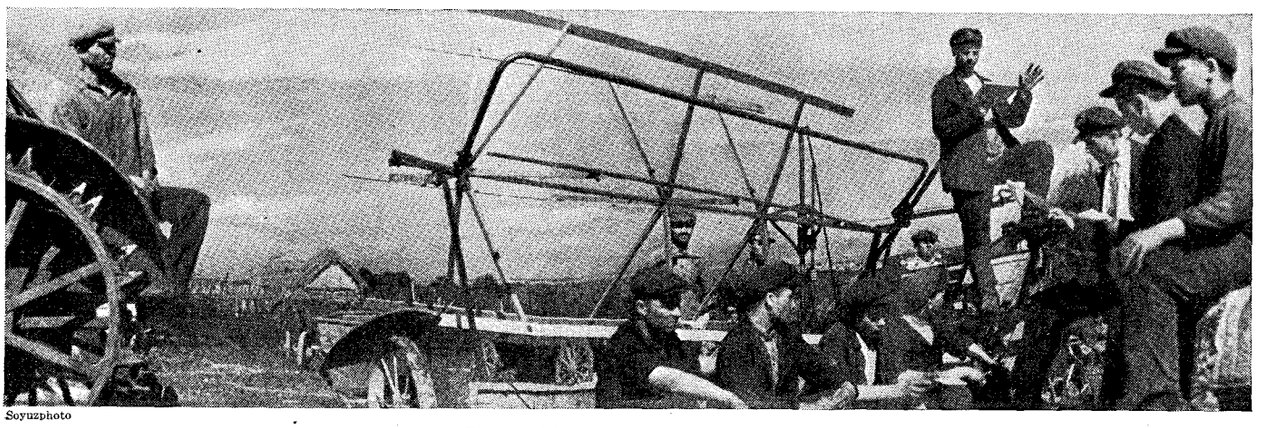

Soyuzphoto

Farm Education in the Fields

Soviet "shock troops" of the tractor division receive their instruction perched on the machines which it is their job to manipulate.

Death and Russia's Lean Harvest

A WELL-TO-DO PEASANT WOMAN—a kulak, as this class is known—is the first of her sex to receive the death penalty under the new Soviet decree, classifying as capital offenses thefts from collective farms.

This woman, Gribanova, was sentenced to be shot, reports an Associated Press dispatch from Samara, U. S. S. R., after she had been convicted of stealing grain near the village of Osinovka. Two other women were sentenced to five and ten years in prison, respectively, and a man got a ten-year sentence for similar thefts.

This fact in the news is said to confirm numerous reports about the leanness of the present harvest in Soviet Russia. For the first five days up to August 5, official figures show 25 per cent. less area reaped than at the same date last year, and 25 per cent. less than for the preceding five-day period.

Pravda, the official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party in Moscow, is alarmed by the many cases of grain-stealing from the fields. During the night, it informs us, mysterious individuals appear in the countryside. Next morning it becomes known that dozens of acres have been stript of grain, and sometimes even grain that is not yet ripe.

Pravda ascribes such thievery to the counter-revolutionary kulaks, who are trying to "sabotage the harvest campaign," in order to discredit the Soviet Government.

But non-Communist observers claim that the real reason for the grain thefts lies deeper than the anti-Soviet psychology of the kulaks. The grain is being stolen, they say, only by peasants who, in many sections, are starving, and steal it even from their own collective farms. As to the disorganization of the collective farms, *Pravda* observes:

"Often the peasants of these farms do not receive their advance payments in foodstuffs, and, accordingly, refuse to work, or work very reluctantly.

"Thus, in the regions of Kherson, Beryozovka, and elsewhere, it often happens that in the busiest time of the harvest campaign, when not a day can be lost, only 60 or 65 per cent. of the peasants belonging to a collective farm go to work.

"Worse still, enormous amounts of grain are being lost in the field due to the criminal negligence and apathy with which the work is being done. Last year, the Baladinsky region lost 23 per cent. of its total wheat crop.

"Such losses are a general rule for the whole of the Soviet Union. So we lose an amount of grain equaling the amount which the Government buys at fixt prices from the peasants!

"Also in many places harvest time found the collective farms absolutely unprepared. Machinery remained unrepaired since last year, and often brand-new reaping machines would break down after having been used for only a few days.

"In Rozhdestvensk, for instance, eleven tractors out of twenty-two are entirely out of commission. Threshing machines constantly refuse to work. Not a single one of them has ever done the amount of work equal to its capacity."

Isvestia, official organ of the Soviet Government in Moscow, puts some of the blame for the harvest trouble on the Soviet railroads and the manufacturers, as may be judged from the following:

"Information coming from the provinces proves that our railroads fail to send cars to the factories which must supply the countryside with agricultural machinery. Instead of sending forty-seven cars every day for the transportation of agricultural machinery from the 'Kommunar' factory, the Ekaterinensky Railroad sent up forty-seven in the course of thirty days."

THAT the farm situation in Russia is not rosy, readily concedes Walter Duranty, a New York *Times* correspondent of long experience in Soviet Russia.

But the freedom with which the Soviet press is revealing and discussing facts is the best proof of the confidence of the authorities that the difficulties will be overcome, and Mr. Duranty adds:

"There was a startling drop in the Black Earth region along the Volga, and the Middle Volga reaped only 172,000 hectares [a hectare is 2.47 acres] compared with 2,250,000 in the preceding five days.

"There were also poor reports from the Ukraine, where the spring sowing campaign was unsatisfactory, because many peasants, even in the collectives, ate part of the seed.

"Another disquieting factor is contributed by wide-spread reports that the peasants are not bothering to harvest more grain than for their own needs, because of shortages of goods that they want in return for their surplus grain or money.

"The new facilities for marketing offered to individual peasants are producing a certain exodus from the collectives which, however, is not yet of serious proportions."

The peasants who are leaving the collectivist farms in many districts and wandering over the country, living on what they can find, charges a Berlin correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, are no doubt the thieves who have so disquieted the Soviet Government.

In so far as provisions are available at all, he claims, the towns are generally better off than the country, for there is no doubt about the efficiency of the State machinery for collecting from the peasants such produce as exists. He tells us further:

"The harvest was smaller in 1931 than in 1930, but more was taken from the peasants in the second year than in the first.

"It is owing to this that the Government has had to restore the right of the peasant to sell part of his produce on the market in the hope of stimulating his efforts for the harvest of this year.

"There is hunger in the villages of the Ukraine, the Lower Volga district, West Siberia, and especially among the Khirgiz of Kasakstan, who have lost the greater part of their herds.

"A German expert on Soviet economic affairs believes that the head of cattle in the whole country is less than half what it was in 1928.

"The result of this year's harvest will be decisive for the future, not only of the Soviet agricultural policy, but probably also for the future of the industrial policy."

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Modernism's Stride in Japan

THE ECONOMIC DEPRESSION from which Japan is suffering, together with the rest of the world, is hastening changes that were in the making, and is generally accelerating the process of Westernization to which that country seems irrevocably committed.

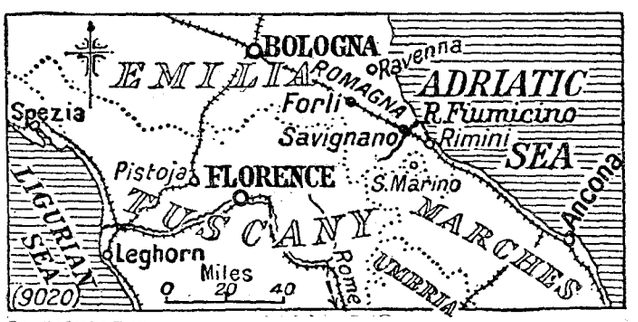
In support of this claim the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific*, an American-owned weekly, points to three typical Japanese institutions which are victims of modernism, and appear destined to extinction.

They are the Yoshiwara, the world-famous licensed quarter of Tokyo, which economic pressure is driving from business; the Geisha, who is rapidly being displaced by the waitress and dancing-girl; and the Kabuki drama, popular for over three centuries, which is giving way to modern plays and revues.

All three, it is said, have lost much of their appeal and fascination for the public, and particularly for the youth of modern Japan. We read then:

"The disappearance of the Yoshiwara will automatically rid Japan of one of those institutions which, from the foreign view-point, has cast a stigma on Japan's moral reputation. The existence of a segregated licensed quarter, the inmates of which were frequently sold into slavery, has long been condemned in the light of Western standards, and its elimination has been the object of an insistent missionary campaign.

"The closing of the Yoshiwara in Tokyo does not end the system, but it is likely that an institution which is unable to survive in the capital will not long linger in other cities of the Empire."



From the London *Times*

Mussolini Discovers the Rubicon

Everybody knows of the Rubicon that Caesar crossed, but it required Il Duce's enterprise to ascertain that "the Fiumicino of Savignano is the true Rubicon of the ancients."

ONLY a year ago, *The Trans-Pacific* recalls, the League of Nations Commission for Investigation into the International Traffic in Women and Children was in Japan, and made a thorough investigation. At that time there was a movement to abolish the licensed system by legislation, but we are advised there was no evidence that within so short a time economic necessity would obliterate a system which has been in practise for over three centuries.

The main reason, however, which has led the licensed quarter to the verge of bankruptcy, and which equally threatens the existence of the Geisha, is the competition of gayer amusement places at more reasonable prices. It is related that:

"Several thousand cafés have sprung up in Tokyo where thousands of girls are employed. It is in these cafés and in association with waitresses that the youth of Japan to-day spends its money, and it is far more in accord with their modest purses.

"The problem which now presents itself is what will become of the thousands of girls who will supposedly regain their freedom with the closing down of the licensed quarter.

"Will the old system of debts which has held them in bondage continue to bind them to a life of degradation and perhaps greater misery with their owners under economic stress, or will they be able to recover their liberty, and if so, will they be accepted back into their families, or will they be able to find employment?

"This is an important social problem of a changing age which calls for action by the authorities and, possibly, for measures of relief."

The fate of the Geisha has hung longer in the balance, it seems, but she is none the less doomed. Her modern counterpart is the café waitress and dancing-girl, but she is also "her deadly rival," and *The Trans-Pacific* goes on:

"Change of taste and manners is also accountable for the marked decline in the popularity of the classical drama and, in particular, the Kabuki play.

"Audiences are now bored with the slow and long-drawn-out action of the classical dramas, and prefer the modern plays and, particularly, the modern revues, which are drawing the largest houses.

"A year ago the leading theatrical company, which controls four of Tokyo's theaters, found it necessary to revise its policy and to devote two of its theaters to modern plays and revues.

"More recently the Kabuki-za has divided its former lengthy program into two performances, a matinée and a soirée, while the Meiji-za has cut the length of the classical program by half to meet the popular demand."

Putting the Rubicon on the Map

"THE DIE IS CAST," declared Julius Cæsar in the most famous dice-throw of recorded history, when he crossed the Rubicon in 49 B. C. and marched rapidly down the Adriatic Coast against Pompey.

Pompey's available force consisted of two legions stationed in Campania and eight in Spain, commanded by his lieutenants, Afranius and Petreius. Cæsar overtook Pompey at Brundisium (Brindisi), but failed to prevent him from embarking with his troops for the East, where the prestige of Pompey's name was greatest.

Hereupon Cæsar, it is said, exclaimed: "I am going to Spain to fight an army without a general, and thence to the East to fight a general without an army"—which shows that wise-cracking is no modern innovation.

Yet everybody knows Cæsar "crossed the Rubicon," and that the phrase indicates a step which definitely commits a person to a given course of action. But where in Italy the Rubicon runs precisely is a centuries-old question of debate, to settle which required the amazing genius of Mussolini for efficiency in all things great and small.

To-day the traveler through Romagna in Italy can see the name "River Rubicon" on the bridges over a stream which his road-map still calls the river Fiumicino.

THIS we learn from the Milan correspondent of the London *Times*, who relates further that Premier Mussolini, during a brief visit recently to his home at Forli, remarked:

"Foreign visitors ask where the Rubicon is, and we can not show them. Let us find our river."

Premier Mussolini, we are told, had already discovered the Rubicon and was able to instruct the prefect of Forli to have the signposts on the Fiumicino bridges changed, a task which has been performed by the Podestà of Savignano di Romagna. This *Times* correspondent adds:

"The Rubicon has in the past been identified with various streams and rivers in Romagna, and violent disputes have arisen between different communities which wished to baptize their own particular streams with the illustrious name.

"Signor Mussolini's decision is no mere arbitrary one, but is the result of a careful investigation of all the sources of information available on the point.

"It is based in the main on the researches of the archeologist Pietro Borghesi—which indicate that 'the Fiumicino of Savignano is the true Rubicon of the ancients'—and on the latest geological studies."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Indoor Fruit Orchards

PERFECTLY GOOD PEACHES OR PLUMS plucked from a tree that may stand, like a bouquet, on your dining-room table!

The Japanese have done it with evergreens for centuries, altho the application of their method to fruits is more recent, according to A. N. Mirzaoff, who writes of it in *The Scientific American* (New York).

The dwarfing procedure was taken to Europe about 1860 by a Japanese gardener, and it is now an open secret. Says Mr. Mirzaoff:

"It is entirely possible to raise in the home mature fruit-trees that bear as regularly and plentifully as those of the outdoor orchard. On the dining-room table or a near-by window shelf a large flower-pot may support a fully matured fruit-tree—apple, pear, peach, and so on.

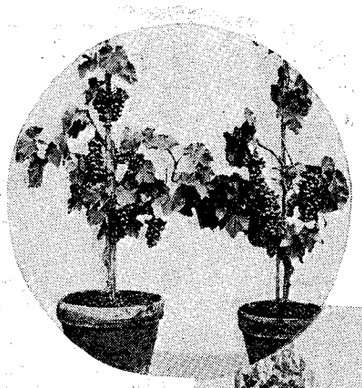
"One of the interesting features of Japanese horticulture is its miniature landscapes.

"In order to carry out miniature gardening with realism, a method of propagating dwarf trees has been developed through generations, and some specimens of the results have attained an age of 200 years.

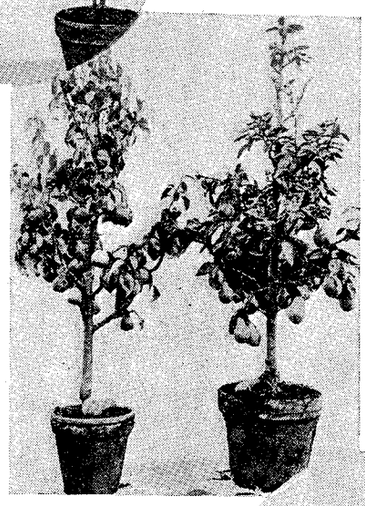
"By the Japanese this method of dwarfing trees is called 'tuskurimono.' It was at first exclusively restricted to pine and spruce, and no attempt was made to dwarf fruit-trees until recently.

"The method consists of continual pruning of the roots combined with cutting of the branches to induce more compact foliage and to prevent the loss of too much moisture. This method is applicable to pine-trees to be used for decorative purposes. Where dwarf fruit-trees are to be raised in flower-pots, the method becomes slightly complicated. Fruit-trees do not bear fruit properly unless they are grafted.

"Suppose, for example, you desire to dwarf an orchard of peach-trees. If you want to grow your own trees from peach-stones, plant them in the fall. They will germinate in the spring and will grow to about a foot in height. The following spring they are ready for grafting."



Grapes



Pears

Apples

An Orchard for the Dining Table

IN the summer the scions will bud and grow to a height of three or four feet. The third year they are transferred to the flower-pots. It is then that the real work of dwarfing begins, says Mr. Mirzaoff:

"Surgical methods are applied, first by cutting out the tap-root, which usually grows in the center of the plant. This is best done by the so-called strangulation method. Fine picture wire is tied at the base of the root and the process of strangulation will be completed in a couple of months. This prevents the tree from taking too much nourishment, and its growth is therefore retarded.

"Meanwhile, some of the branches with excessive leaf growth are pruned in order to prevent too much evaporation of moisture through the leaves. In the treatment of the soil very little nourishment is provided. Just enough to keep the tree alive, but not enough to cause rapid growth. A few pebbles scattered in the dirt will prevent the roots from growing thickly.

"The fourth, fifth, and sixth years the same surgical operations are continued, until it is evident that the tree no longer has a tendency to rapid growth. At this stage the tree commences to bear healthy fruit on the few branches that are left.

"Dwarfing can be perpetuated artificially by the so-called vegetative method of propagation. The bark of a branch is slit a number of times and soil is bound around the injured part for a space of four to five inches. Around the soil place plenty of thick moss. Tie with a string. Keep the soil moist at all times until roots have formed. Then cut at the base and plant in fresh soil in a flower-pot. The cutting need be made by this means only if one wishes to develop a great number of dwarf offsprings of fruit-trees.

"The rewards obtainable from growing dwarf trees will more than pay for the time, the care, the patience necessary to grow them successfully, because the fresh fruit picked from your own orchard growing right in the home will make you feel that you have really produced something worth while."

Short-Wave Electrical Treatment

A METHOD OF PROCURING thermotherapy [heat-cure] which has been little tried is the use of short electromagnetic (Hertzian) waves, says *The Lancet* (London).

Their action on the body and indications for their application are set out in a monograph by Drs. J. Saidman and R. Cahen [Paris, 1932], in which the physical and electrotechnical principles underlying the production of currents of extremely high frequency through the agency of the triode valve are enunciated.

The authors regard most of the biological effects that follow exposure of the body to short Hertzian waves as due to the heat produced in the tissues, but they discuss the possibility of some other action. We read:

"When the current from the ordinary diathermy machine is employed for heating the tissues, the electrodes are placed in contact with the body. If, however, the machine is constructed to produce current of much higher frequency, the electrodes can be covered with insulating material and placed at a little distance from the body; the region of the body between the electrodes will be heated. The rise of temperature is attributed to the action of the short electromagnetic waves to which the tissues are subjected. Those who are interested will want to know what may be gained by the use of electromagnetic waves for the purpose of heating the body and treating disease. The authors maintain that the deep regions can be heated to a higher degree than that which can be obtained with the diathermy current, and suggest that the biological effects brought about by the waves are not wholly due to the production of heat.

"The fact that the deep-lying organs of the abdomen can be heated only very slightly by the diathermy current is recognized, but absolute proof that they are heated by these waves has not yet been obtained, and it would be even more difficult to prove the thesis that the biological effects of exposure to electromagnetic waves are due, in part, to some physical change other than the elevation of the temperature of the tissues. One advantage of the employment of the waves in place of the diathermy current is however evident. The electrodes can be applied over the clothes."

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The Typewriter in the Classroom

AN EXPERIMENTAL STUDY of the typewriter in elementary education, when used as part of the regular classroom equipment, has just been concluded, and yields interesting results.

Two thousand typewriters were used in 27 schools by 6,125 pupils, and their progress was compared with that of 8,824 pupils in 24 "control" schools.

A discussion of the experiment has been issued in book form by Dr. Ben D. Wood of Columbia University and Dr. Frank N. Freeman of the University of Chicago (New York, 1932).

Our quotations are from a digest of this work put forward by the Typewriter Educational Research Bureau of New York. We read:

"Teachers know that the general spirit which pervades a classroom is of primary importance for effective learning. Whatever influence, therefore, the typewriter might exert on school atmosphere would be of basic significance. One of the most striking features was the strength and duration of the children's interest in the activity. The following statements are typical of the teachers' observations:

"'Pupils beg to come early to use the typewriters; also to stay after school.

"'No matter what is done, the children want to "write about it."

"'Any activity in which the machines are used is taken up with more interest and pleasure because of their enjoyment of the machines.'

"The effects of the typewriter were not confined to interest in the activity for itself. The success which pupils achieved with the help of the machine improved their general mental outlook and rendered them more hopeful and confident. Many teachers referred to greater alertness, more initiative, and more obvious satisfaction obtained by pupils from the kinds of work which the machine makes possible.

"In order to determine the effect of the typewriter on quantity of writing an analysis was made of the total two-year collections of written work. It was found that in total amount of writing done during the school year the Experimental children exceeded the Control children in every grade. In addition the Experimental children showed a superiority in the quantity of original compositions. Their advantage in original writing was especially marked in the first three grades.

"More than five hundred kindergarten children were in the Experimental schools and more than two hundred in the Control schools. Kindergarten children who had access to typewriters made more than four times as many attempts to write as did children who had to depend entirely on the pencil as a medium of expression."

Courtesy of the Typewriter Educational Research Bureau, New York

The Typewriter Adds Interest to Kindergarten Activities

ALL children in the Experimental and Control classes were given achievement and intelligence tests at the beginning, and achievement tests at the close of the investigation. For all grades combined, it was found that during a school year the Experimental children gained roughly 7 per cent. of a grade more on the te ts than did the Control children. The typewriter thus appeared to be a clear-cut factor in producing superior achievement. We read further:

"After observing the use of the machine for two school years, practically all of the teachers were convinced of its possibilities as an aid to reading. In the lower grades the use of the machine seems, in the case of some children, to stimulate a feeling of readiness for reading. This probably results from the ease with which pupils are able to write letters and words. Even oral reading is indirectly benefited by the machine in that children are eager to read to the class carefully typed stories.

"The effects of the typewriter on spelling are shown to be very beneficial. The ease of writing on a machine created in the minds of the children a new need for correct spelling. The clear perception of words which the typewriter facilitates was suggested by other teachers as the reason.

"Many teachers have observed detailed ways in which the use of the machine has improved the quality of the pupils' writings. In the first place, the children wrote with considerable freedom because of the ease with which they could express their thoughts. In the second place, the machine rendered simple many of the mechanical features of composition work.

"Subjects such as history, geography, science, and literature are composed of rather complex materials. Nevertheless, after two years teachers reported numerous advantages of typed exercises in the content subjects. Even in connection with art subjects the machine serves to correlate pictures with written compositions.

"The children were practically unanimous in approving the typewriter as a piece of classroom equipment. Moreover, they offered many reasons for their attitude toward the machine. Some advantages mentioned were that typed papers resemble book pages, that it is easy to think when writing on a machine, and that it is fun to typewrite."

Good News for Babies

A POSSIBLE new aid to health of babies has been found, according to information quoted from the Carnegie Institution of Washington by the Boston *Post*.

Scientists have discovered the hormone or gland secretion that causes production of mothers' milk. We read:

"Public-health authorities said the new knowledge, if substantiated, might be useful in treatment of mothers who produce insufficient milk for their babies. They hailed the discovery as an important addition to medical and genetical knowledge.

"Milk of a baby's own mother is considered the best possible nourishment for it, because the milk is 'made to order' for that particular infant, and hence is better than bottle-feeding. The mother's milk also seems able to protect a new-born baby against some childhood diseases up to the age of six months.

"The newly isolated hormone is a secretion of the pituitary gland, located at the base of the skull behind the root of the

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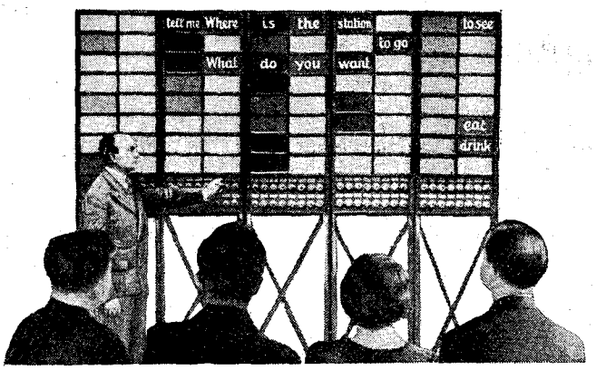
nose. The same gland secretes two other hormones that influence bodily growth and sex activity.

"Hormones are chemical substances that are carried through the body in the blood-stream, and are necessary to arouse many organs to normal activity. They are produced by all the ductless, or endocrine glands. The new hormone was obtained from pituitary glands of cattle and sheep, and when injected into guinea pigs and rabbits caused their mammary glands to begin secreting milk, said the Carnegie announcement. The discovery is credited to Dr. Oscar Riddle, Dr. Robert W. Bates and Simon W. Dykshorn of the Carnegie Institution's department of genetics at Cold Spring Harbor, New York. They tentatively have named the new hormone 'prolactin.'"

Teaching Foreign Languages by Signal

THE MIND CAN BE CATAPULTED into a new tongue by the use of a spring-board.

This is asserted by Jean Confida, *Je Sais Tout* (Paris). His device might at first be taken for a voting machine, but instead of the names of candidates the names of things are



A Linguistic Spring-Board

Teaching a foreign language by means of basic words on backgrounds of different colors, presented in an order stamping them on the memory.

shown on a series of show cards, or luminous slides, which are flashed into the eye of a beholder in the order required to frame a sentence in the language to be learned.

This is not a method of acquiring a subtle, literary insight into a strange tongue. It is rather a practical plan, enabling travelers to go about a new land with a suitable vocabulary and a knowledge of the rules for its use. Says Mr. Confida:

"I have gone about the world much, and I have had to use its leading languages. Thus I was forced to enter somewhat into comparative philology.

"I soon saw that by ridding the vocabulary side of the linguistic task of all bookish touches, there is left on our hands a small stock of words.

"Some people in the country use but four hundred expressions. In the city, people get along with some eight hundred words, to which they add the technical terms of their occupations.

"By choosing expressions carefully I have found it sufficient to teach pupils but eighty words. These make possible an exchange of ordinary ideas with a foreigner in his own language.

"The order of words to be adopted, the meanings of these, the grammatical constructions—all are set forth on luminous tablets."

The net impression might be likened to the huge boards announcing the arrival and departure of trains in railway stations. Mr. Confida proceeds:

"Look at the rows of knobs or buttons at the bottom of the board. There are eighty of these—the number of things to learn.

"It is easy to light up with a flash these 'spring-board' words.

"They are grouped in series.

"Notice the different colors.

"Key words are classified under five tints or hues in such order as to fix them in the memory of a student. The effect of the light and the colors upon the memory is striking.

"I profited by the experiments of the ablest living psychiatrists in fixing the colors of the backgrounds."

Paris has already installed the device of Mr. Confida, says the *Soir*, of that city. It will set forth in French the answers put by tourists in their native idioms. Policemen and guides are learning how to employ the device with this object in view.

Debunking the Vitamins

THE PRESENT STATE OF KNOWLEDGE about vitamins and their effects is discust in *Hygeia* (Chicago) by E. J. Kohman.

Everybody knows, or thinks he knows, about these mysterious food-substances. Their almost magic effect in minute quantities, says Mr. Kohman, has tempted some persons to overdramatize them. His article is an effort to tell the sober truth.

The following extracts are from his concluding paragraphs:

"Just what are vitamins? They are definite substances in the same sense as table salt, sugar, and starch. The vitamins are not simple compounds; they are more complex than sugar, but probably less so than starch.

"In the case of vitamins A and D, it is quite certain with what substances science has to deal. The yellow pigment in carrots, yellow corn, sweet potatoes, and practically all green plant material, tho hidden in the latter by the green chlorophyl, is now regarded as one form of vitamin A. Ergosterol, found in yeast and on rye, is a modified form of vitamin D.

"Carotene and ergosterol are each made up of a certain number of atoms in a definite relation to one another; by a change in the relative position of the atoms they apparently become vitamins A and D.

"While vitamin A has been designated the growth vitamin, it has been shown that even such elements as copper, iodin, and manganese in minute quantities, and iron and calcium in larger quantities, must be present in food to prevent stunting of growth or to maintain good health in adults. While vitamin D is called the antirachitic vitamin, insufficient calcium or phosphorus, or an improper balance of the two under certain conditions, may be the cause of rickets. Vitamin C has been designated the antiscorbutic vitamin. Altho no scurvy exists in this country, a deficiency in vitamin C so slight as never to result in scurvy may, however, result in disorganized tooth structure.

"No one needs to fear being inadequately supplied with the necessary elements of a complete diet. Eggs, milk, succulent vegetables, and fruits have been designated the protective foods. Persons suffering from so-called degenerative disease, such as unexplained headache, gastro-intestinal disease, diabetes, arteriosclerosis, myocardial degeneration or arthritis, have experienced decided improvement on a diet consisting of milk and fruit at each meal and two vegetables, besides lettuce, at lunch and dinner. Such a diet makes for sound tooth structure and has been shown to correct dental caries."

COMMERCIAL canning, asserts Mr. Kohman, makes possible a constant and abundant supply of all nutritive properties associated with freshly harvested vegetables and fruits. In extensive experiments, animals fed on canned foods thrived in an optimum condition. No peculiar characteristic, he goes on, is attached to canned foods because of these experiments. The outcome would have been the same had similar foods, prepared in some other manner, been used. We read further:

"Altho vegetables and fruits are particularly valuable in supplying mineral salts, vitamins, and bulk, or indigestible residue of proper texture, at present great stress is laid on them as a source of vitamins. It has been shown that several times the quantity necessary for reasonable good health is necessary for buoyant health. Exuberant health, from the dietary standpoint, is attained with the greatest certainty by a dependence on substantial foods such as eggs, milk, and a variety of vegetables and fruits."

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Electric Eyes: Four Kinds

THE PAST YEAR HAS SEEN a rapid increase in the number, diversity, and ingenuity of light-sensitive devices.

Daily, new uses are found for the photocell, and the number of these applications already is so expanded that the "electric eye" bids fair to penetrate into every activity of industry and of every-day life.

From the movies to the factory, from the race-track to the corner traffic light, from the laboratory to the kitchen, the photo-sensitive cell finds hundreds upon hundreds of uses. Many of these have already been described in THE DIGEST. We now quote in addition from a press release by Dr. Wallace C. Douglass and Orestes H. Caldwell, editor of *Electronics*, issued by the Newspaper Service Bureau of the McGraw-Hill publications (New York). The authors write:

"Light-sensitive devices are of several different classes, based upon widely different physical phenomena, and each class has special characteristics which adapt it for particular uses. These different kinds of 'electric eyes' may be listed as follows:

"1. The photoelectric tube—a vacuum or gaseous cell, with light-sensitive plate which emits electrons upon illumination. This stream of electron charges is then amplified by other tubes.

"2. The selenium cell—the familiar element which changes its resistance with incident illumination, now, in its latest forms, sealed in vacuum-tight tubes.

"3. Photovoltaic cells, or batteries, which produce a change in current flow with changes in illumination.

"4. Dry oxid plates (copper oxid, etc.) which produce comparatively large, low-voltage currents when illuminated.

"Wherever a beam of light can be interrupted, modulated, or controlled by some operation which is to be counted, detected, or reproduced, a light-sensitive cell of some of the types just described can be employed, and this can be done without interfering with the action to be recorded. For example, if the pendulum of a master-clock is to drive other clocks without being itself loaded, a beam of light and a photocell will accurately record the master pendulum's swings without imposing on pendulum or train the slightest interference with its movement.

"Automobile traffic in a tunnel can be counted. Photocells at the entrance and exit can even be arranged to work the counter mechanism in opposite directions so that the number remaining on the counter dial at any moment will represent the number of cars in the tunnel. An index in the manager's office of a movie theater may show just how many people are in the theater at any time.

"One of the most important future uses of the 'electric eye' in point of numbers will be that of controlling interior illumination. Just as we automatically adjust the temperature of our rooms by means of thermostats, we shall control the intensity of the lighting in workrooms, schoolrooms, etc., by means of a 'light-o-stat' or light-sensitive cell.

"Safety uses of photoelectric devices comprise one of the most important general applications now in sight. A punch-press operator can be protected by a beam of light across the front of his machine. As long as his hands are in the danger area, the motor is cut off and the punch-press remains inoperative.

"Passenger elevators offer an impressive field for photoelectric safety work. Several large department stores have already equipped their cars with photocell safety-switches, making it impossible for elevator operators to close doors or to start cars so long as any person is within the beam of light which shines across the threshold.

"Already the accident insurance companies are recognizing the reduced liability resulting from such installations, and are offering reductions of 10 per cent. or more on customers' policies, where photocell safeguards are used.

"Photoelectric garage door-openers are handy things for the home driveway and home garage in wet or cold weather. The driver has merely to turn his headlights on the secreted electric eye and, presto, the door rolls open.

"With so many uses being found for the 'electric eye' in industry and every-day life, it needs only ordinary ingenuity and a bit of experimental application to find ways to enlist photo-sensitive devices in the service of invalid persons.

"For example, if there is a heavy door to be opened frequently, the invalid can merely lift his hand or interpose the shadow of his body, and—presto—the door flies open!

"The mere lifting of the hand or moving of the head may be used to ring a bell or send a signal to an outside attendant.

"Lights in the room may be arranged to come on automatically when it gets dark outside. Windows can be automatically closed at the coming of the morning light, so that the invalid will have a warm, comfortable room for breakfast.

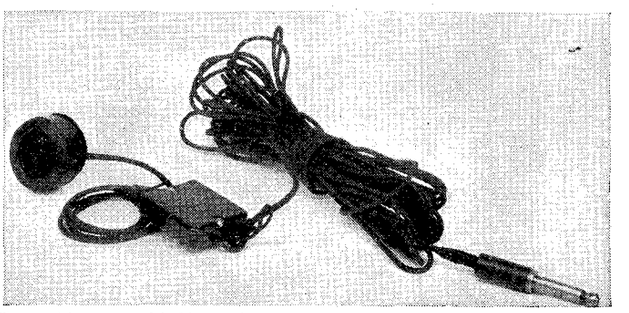
"The invalid can have a warning if any one is coming along an unseen corridor or entry-way, if the electric eye is put on guard.

"But the main feature of the electric eye's usefulness is its flexibility of arrangement. Whenever there is work to be done that can be controlled by a shadow or a beam of light, the unsleeping electric eye will perform its duty tirelessly."

Broadcasting From Your Coat Lapel

REMOVE YOUR BOUTONNIERE, replace it with a lapel microphone and talk to the world. This was done at the two political conventions recently concluded. The ingenious device was there put to an unprecedented use, and resulted in a new technique for broadcasting a major news event.

Particularly in its broadcast of the Democratic Convention the



Photograph by courtesy of the Western Electric Company

The Lapel Microphone

Columbia Broadcasting Company used the lapel microphone extensively. It made possible a mobile pick-up from the floor, and thus brought first-hand to the radio audience aspects of those dramatic proceedings which would otherwise have been relayed by announcers, or at best picked up rather faintly.

The Public Relations Department of the Western Electric Company, which furnishes this information in a recent press bulletin (New York), goes on to say:

"In the Republican Convention it was found to be exceedingly difficult to get the voting of the delegates clearly over the radio by means of the standard microphone. The broadcasting company had been experimenting since February with the midget microphone. The technicians devised a system by which not only the formal proceedings of the convention could be plainly heard but also the voting from the floor. In many cases the radio audience hundreds of miles from Chicago heard the vote before the chairman of the convention did.

"The microphone circuits from the booth at the rear of the hall were brought in high up next to the roof, and at the time of broadcast were dropt to six spaced points in the convention hall. At these stations page boys were located, each equipped with a lapel microphone connected to these circuits. Each boy was also provided with a chart showing the location of the State delegations on the floor.

"When the vote of a certain State was called for, the page nearest that delegation went immediately to the section chairman and placed the microphone on his lapel. The chairman then announced the vote of his State in an ordinary tone of voice which was clearly picked up and heard from coast to coast. It was also amplified so it could be heard distinctly throughout the hall. The need for microphone technique by the speakers on the floor was eliminated by the use of the lapel microphone. Each one of the 'midget mikes' was equipped with a switching device so that only the words picked up by the designated one at any time went out on the air."

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Britain's "Olympiad of Brains"

BRITAIN TOOK THE FIFTH PLACE in the Los Angeles Olympian games.

Here was *something for which a solace plaster* was needed.

So a Briton, Hugh Pilcher, organizes an "Olympiad of Brains," and we note that he, with many others, misuses the term "Olympiad," which means the period between Olympic games, as explained in our issue of August 13.

Playing the game at his desk, he begins with this ballyhoo:

"BRITAIN HAS BRAINS!

"Let us shout about it!

"It is TRUE.

"You want the Best Brains—

"BRITAIN HAS THEM! ! !"

The summary of points gained in Los Angeles shows a big gap from the total of 658½ won by the United States, Italy's 238½, to Great Britain's 135.

But Mr. Pilcher undertakes "to hearten his British" during the month of the Tenth Olympic.

He begs his countrymen to "remember always that Brains, not Brawn, are the treasure of this country," "while our ill-trained, ill-financed, and ill-supported athletes are being massacred by the Americans, the Scandinavians, and the tough guys of Central Europe and South America."

In that sprightly young journal, *The Passing Show* (London), he finds it "good" that the "British own nearly half the Brains of Western civilization," considering that they number only 44 millions of population compared with 264 millions in the other four countries concerned, made up of: United States, 120 millions; Germany, 64 millions; France, 40 millions; Italy, 40 millions.

Organizing his "Olympiad" he sets up twelve events, and casts around for entries from each and any of the five nations:

"Let us now raise famous men, I said. The only worry was that my British entrants were mostly older than their foreign rivals.

"I chose them, of course, not for popularity or personal showmanship—but for sheer Brains.

"You may say that my teams are not representative. The answer to that is that they are as representative as any teams chosen by any sort of ballot whatever are likely to be.

"No two people agree exactly on a team of Brains, any more than they agree on the best Test cricket team we can send to Australia next winter.

"And you may say you haven't heard of all the names I mention. That surely shows you have not been using your own brains to keep in touch with the life of the world.

"I gave four points for first place, three for second, two for third, and one for fourth in each event. How the prizes worked out you see here:

Firsts		*Thirds*	
Britain	7	America	4
Germany	3	Germany	2
America	1	Italy	2
Italy	1	Britain	1

Seconds		*Fourths*	
Britain	3	France	2
France	3	Britain	1
America	2		
Germany	2		
Italy	1		

"From this score-board the nations' respective total of points are—

Great Britain	40
Germany	22
United States	18
Italy	11
France	11

"For most of the events I mustered national teams of three; and I give the competitors' ages in brackets.

"Begin with the Statesmanship Hurdles, over a course littered with the dead, the dying, and the débris.

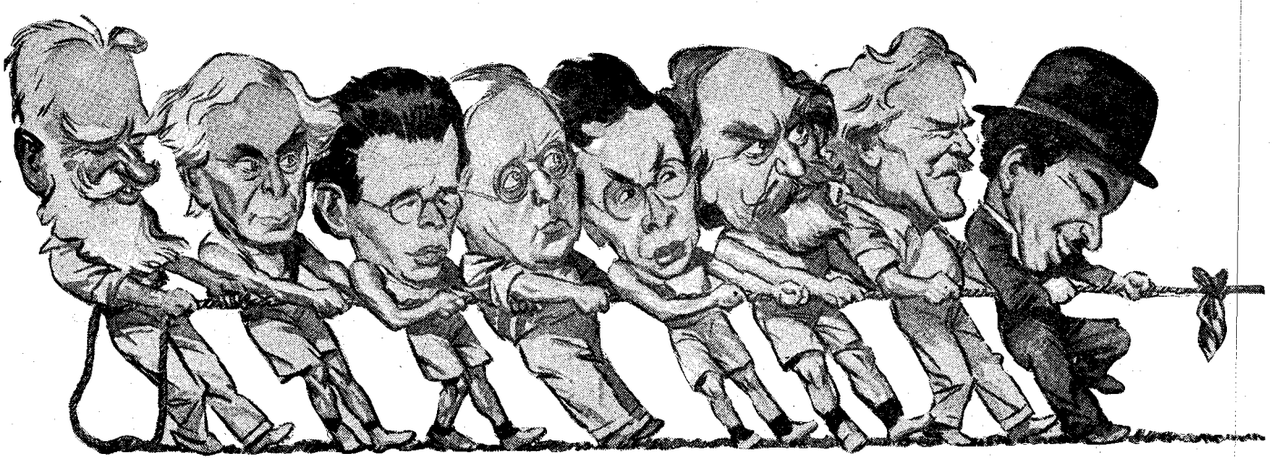
"Germany's team, composed not of her present rulers, but of those who conducted until recently with vigor and dignity the affairs of this most sorely tried nation, takes first place.

"That is, Hindenburg (84), Bruening (62), and Curtius (64) beat Great Britain, represented by Lord Snowden (68), Neville Chamberlain (63), and J. R. MacDonald (65).

"Italy comes in third with Mussolini (48), Grandi (36), and Cardinal Gaspari (80).

"The French team is disqualified and the Americans scratch.

"The Americans, in fact, win only one event in the entire Olympiad of Brains. They win the Big Business All-in Wrestling Contest with billions of dollars to spare, their team being John



George Bernard Shaw (Dramatic Sword Play) · Bertrand Russell (Philosophic Pole Jump) · Aldous Huxley (Novelistic Putting) · Gustav Holst (Musical Swim) · Julian Huxley (Scientific High Jump) · Augustus John (Artistic Gymnastics) · Ramsay MacDonald (Statesmanship Hurdles) · Charles Chaplin (Cinemarathon)

"IF AN INTERNATIONAL TUG OF WAR COULD BE DECIDED BY BRAINS INSTEAD OF BY BRAWN

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Davison Rockefeller (92), Henry Ford (68), and John Pierpont Morgan (69).

"The British team, Sir John Reeves Ellerman (69), Evan Williams (60), and Sir Charles Josiah Stamp (51), comes in next, with Alfred Hugenberg (66), for Germany, third.

"In the Engineering and Invention Relay Race a tremendous British entry swamps all others with speed, skill, and numbers.

"All rivals except Marchese Marconi (58), of Italy, are disqualified for imitation.

"For the British team—see daily papers.

"For a change, watch the Musical Swim, another victory for Great Britain, with a woman in the team.

"Fierce criticism of my personnel is certain here—Gustav Holst (57), Dame Ethel Smyth (age withheld), Sir Thomas Beecham (53).

"Next in order come Germany—Richard Strauss (62), Otto Klemgorer (50), Paul Hindemith (31); the United States—Walter Damrosch (70), George Gershwin (34), Ernest Block (52)—and finally France, with Maurice Ravel (57).

"The United States and France concede yet another British triumph in the Artistic Gymnastics, helping to prove that altho the 'average Englishman' knows nothing and cares less about art, this is nevertheless the most creative and fertile stock in the world."

Follows a list of artists, scientists, and movie personalities. The first being exceptional Britons who have enforced recognition from a nation of "artist starvers":

"Augustus E. John (54), Paul Nash (42), and Walter Richard Sickert (71).

"They beat France—André Derain (51), Henri Matisse (63), Moise Kisling (40)—and the United States—Rockwell Kent (50), J. F. Folinsbee (40), A. B. Davies (70).

"In those researches which are popularly lumped together under the head of Science, and appearing in this Olympiad as the Scientific High Jump, Great Britain emphatically takes first place.

"It is difficult to choose a team of only three—but here they are:—Julian Sorell Huxley (44), J. B. S. Haldane (39), Sir James Hopwood Jeans (64).

"One of our worst failures is in the Cinemarathon. Here the Teutonic imagination ascends above the American technical slickness, and our consolation is the right to include Chaplin in our team.

"So Fritz Lang (41), Erich Pommer (40), and Conrad Veidt (38) beat Irving Thalberg (33), Lionel Barrymore (54), and Lowell Sherman (57), Great Britain following with Alfred Hitchcock (31), Charles Chaplin (42), and Ronald Colman (41)."

Passing to the "Philosophic Pole jump":

"Oswald Spengler (52) wins for Germany. Who is Spengler? He is a professor of Basel University, who wrote 'The Decline of the West,' a greater book than most of We British Jingoes have time to read or understand.

"Bertrand Russell (49) comes second for Britain, and Benedetto Croce (66) third for Italy.

"For the Economic Tightrope, as for the other humorous events, there is a poor entry.

"It is further diminished by a mysterious malady which decimated the Americans and caused their total withdrawal, and by the inability of more than one Frenchman to keep his balance at all.

"This allowed John Maynard Keynes (48) to win for Great Britain, with Charles Gide (63) second for France.

"Teams for the Poetical Discus Throwing are the weakest of the whole Olympiad, and but for strong personal bias I should make the lot scratch.

"Edith Sitwell (age withheld), Thomas Stearns Eliot (44), and William Henry Davies (61) are first for Britain.

"France and the United States followed, their teams being Paul Valery (60), Paul Fort (60), Ernest Prevost (58), and Ezra Pound (46), Edward Estlin Cummings (37), John Gould Fletcher (48).

"For sheer brains the Novelistic Putting the Weight produces comparatively the strongest entry of all.

"This is a British victory, hard challenged by Germany, with America winning third place somewhat easily from France.

"You will probably be violently dissatisfied with my British team:—Aldous Huxley (35), Virginia Woolff (age withheld), Naomi Mitchison (age withheld).

"But remember this is an Olympiad of Brains, not of best-sellers.

"The German team is Thomas Mann (56), Lion Feuchtwanger (48), and Heinrich Mann (60). The Americans are Theodore Dreiser (60), Sinclair Lewis (47), and Thornton Niven Wilder (35), and the French, André Maurois (57), Romain Rolland (66), and André Gide (62)."

If Hamlet were sitting by, he might be murmuring, "Wormwood!" And we can not fail to see that Mr. Pilcher's plaster contains much mustard.

Let him call forth his last event:

"In the Dramatic Sword Play the competitors are a depressing lot, varying from the pretentious through the vain to the simply flippant.

"This was Italy's only first place, won for her by one man, Luigi Pirandello (65).

"The United States is second with Elmer Rice (39), Susan Glaspell (49), Eugene O'Neill (43).

"Then the Germans, Georg Kaiser (54), Ernst Toller (39), and Fritz von Unruh (47) preceded the British, George Bernard Shaw (75), William Somerset Maugham (58), and Frederick Lonsdale (51).

"There you have the total of the events of my Olympiad."

Benito Mussolini (Statesmanship Hurdles) | Marchese Marconi (Invention Relay Race) | Elmer Rice (Dramatic Sword Play) | Sinclair Lewis (Novelistic Putting) | Lionel Barrymore (Cinemarathon) | Oswald Spengler (Philosophic Pole Jump) | Richard Strauss (Musical Swim) | Henry Ford (Big Business All-in Wrestling)

BRITAIN WOULD HAVE NO DIFFICULTY IN HAULING THE REST OF THE WORLD OVER THE LINE"

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Bali: the Blessed Isle

ROUND-THE-WORLD TRIPPERS all stop at Bali. But they may not stay long there, for the Dutch who control the island are jealous lest its simplicity and beauty be spoiled.

For all that, warning notes are sounded by such writers as Paul Morand.

Bali has now come to us, and in a film called "Isle of Paradise" is showing at the Astor Theater, New York. Mr. John S. Cohen, Jr., tells us in the New York *Sun* that, later, the film will go to the Paris Grand Opera House, and he ventures the prediction that, like "Moana" and "Tabu," it will be playing at odd theaters around the world for some time.

Where People Are Happy

A movie picture of Bali folk, who live with the old gods in contentment and joy.

Mr. Cohen lays aside his rôle as critic, and becomes fan:

"This is the first full-length film of the place which the newsreels have caught only at odd moments. In esthetic purity of purpose, in general feeling for its locale, its race, its customs, 'Isle of Paradise' rivals 'Moana.' It is pure cinema estheticism, unencumbered by anything approaching a plot.

"Thus, the average movie audience may find it a bit dull, tho beautiful; but for those who have an interest in beauty for its own sake, for relative degrees of civilization, for a look into the estate of civilization which belongs far, far back in the distant past and which, due to isolation, has remained unchanged in an industrialized world, 'Isle of Paradise' is enormously interesting.

"It was photographed by Charles Trego, who only a short while ago graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. He was later connected with advertising and publicity for the Cunard Line. He returned from this to his first love, photography, and, having missed Bali on his student's cruise around the world, he decided to take a look at it. 'Isle of Paradise' is the result of a six months' sojourn.

"In it one sees the natives—supple, light brown, a mixture of Hindu and Javanese extraction with an 'original strain of Papuan blood mixed with Polynesian'—sailing in their fishing vessels into the sandy shores with the sunlight beating down on them. One sees the Balinese women walking to the marketplace, their towering baskets on their heads. Covarrubias, you know, has already drawn and painted them, with those heavy gold bars through their ears.

"To watch them walk is an experience. Graceful, supple, they have the most exquisite poise and beauty. Their movements are supple poetry.

"One sees also in the film the natives working at their trades, i. e., fashioning pottery, ornaments, decorating everything with gold-leaf. One sees them worshiping at their household shrines and tilling the terraced rice lakes with the help of placid water-buffalo—placid water-buffalo which are only placid when natives are around; a white man turns them to 100 per cent. American, raging bulls.

"One sees the natives flying their kites. And, finally, one sees the gorgeous fantastic ritual of the burial of the dead. This religious rite is accompanied with the most elaborate pageantry and theatricalism. Towering totemish caskets carry the bodies. They are decorated with images and symbols straight from Freud's 'Totem and Taboo.' The natives indulge in all sorts of sports while they wait for the moment when the caskets are to be burned.

"The Rajah comes to to-day's funeral, for his favorite dancing-boy, Raca, is to perform. As the Rajah is borne through the jungle to the shrines, they open, and Raca comes down the steps. He gyrates; waves his fan, turns his fingers into so many snakes, and otherwise captivates the Rajah and the natives.

"So this is Bali—!"

PAUL MORAND, in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair* (New York), brings the picture of the enchanted isle to us who must never see it in reality:

"In 1925, when I went around the world, I had never heard of Bali. During the last three or four years the movies have drawn the attention of the world to it. Astounding burials terminating in truly Wagnerian flames . . . and many other delightful or mysterious rites, abandoned elsewhere, were thus revealed to our blasé gaze. . . . The rumor quickly spread in a world sick and tired since the war that in Bali every day is a holiday, as in Venice in the time of Casanova. First it was included in one or two American cruises; then at the Colonial Exposition in Paris, in 1931, we were charmed and surprized by the Balinese dancers.

"Nowadays a visit to Bali is compulsory; it is the Capri of 1932; it has taken the place of languorous Tahiti in the minds of college boys and in the hearts of women. This last bit of Asia has been brought to us by the new weekly air lines from Europe. Let us hasten to talk of Bali, for to-morrow it will be only a memory, so true is it that men always kill what they wish to love."

What Musical Stars Laugh At

AFTER EVERY CONCERT OR RECITAL, musicians like to gather together, and, "while fortifying the inner man, to chin and exchange jokes, *bons mots*, and anecdotes."

An anonymous enthusiast now collects a good measure of these into a volume called "Tromboners, or Musical Anedotage" (Knopf, New York). These are now making the rounds of music critics. Among the more widely quoted are the following:

At a two-piano recital by Maier and Patterson, a member of the audience remarked: "How beautifully they play together!"

"Yes, especially Patterson," answered his neighbor.

De Pachmann had mislaid his set of false teeth. Said an acquaintance: "His Bach is better than his bite."

A prima donna complained to a composer: "I'm getting so nervous I don't want to see anybody."

"Why don't you give a concert?" he asked.

"Criticism:

"Teresa Careño gave a great performance of the first movement of the Second Concerto by her third husband, while her fourth husband graciously consented to turn the leaves."

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Luks, the American Frans Hals

"AS SOON AS THESE PSEUDO-ESTHETES who mistake wall-paper for art die off, we'll have the greatest art century in history."

This is the faith of George Benjamin Luks, celebrating his sixty-fifth birthday (August 13), and pledging himself in ice-water.

Described by Thomas Sugrue, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, as the "only survivor of the great triumvirate of Luks, Bellows, and Henri," this rough-and-ready man in looks as well as speech, got up at 5 A. M. on his birthday, and painted for six hours before lunch.

An artist, he maintains, "does his best work after he reaches the age of sixty, providing he keeps body and soul together that long."

Thus a challenge to the shade of Dr. Osler. Then he pays his respects to American artists, whom he calls "the greatest in the world. What they need is more appreciation from the home folks. America is waking up to art, tho."

Mr. Luks was interviewed in Hadlyme, Connecticut, where he reports finding a "bunch of cross-eyed Connecticut hillbillies, and I'm putting a lot of time on them. They'll make a nice collection for some one with a sense of humor."

And we see why these types appeal to him:

Last of the Triumvirate

Luks, who stood with Henri and Bellows for "a distinctive style in American painting."

"Mr. Luks himself has a sense of humor that is one of the basic qualities of his art. His is a lusty love of life and all things living, and because he sees an underlying irony in all existence that makes some people ludicrous and others pathetic, his paintings have a quality that caused his friend, the late James Huneker, to compare him to *Falstaff*: 'a man who sighs like a lover and curses like a trooper.'

"'There was always an argument as to which of us, Huneker or myself, got into the most trouble in Paris,' he recalled, 'but between us we did pretty well for youngsters.'

"Then he decided, as was his privilege on a sixty-fifth birthday, that things are not what they used to be; particularly women.

"'No wonder our young men aren't marrying,' he observed. 'They tell us it's for economical reasons, but I know better. There aren't any women for them to marry. The French dressmakers took 'em away. We've been done out of our women; they have no hips any more. Nothing but height and a little breadth. No thickness, nothing to get hold of.'

"But that, he quickly said, was by the point. It was more pleasant to recall the days when 'Lusty' Luks was war correspondent for the Philadelphia *Bulletin* in Cuba in 1895-'96; how he was captured and sentenced to death, and finally deported, landing in New York penniless, sleeping on a park bench in a cotton suit, with a foot of snow for cover.

"And how he then worked as cartoonist for *The World*, and was told by Arthur Brisbane, managing editor, to 'cut out the smeary genius.' And how he was an amateur prize-fighter who could lick his weight in wildcats, and how he left the Art Students' League, where he served as an instructor, because eyebrows went up too often at his salty Rabelaisian observations on his students' work.

"Or how one day a truck-driver walked into his studio and asked for the picture he had promised the Chicago Art Institute show.

"Luks had forgotten about it, and had no canvas ready.

"'Sit down, mug,' he said to the truck-driver. 'I'll put you on canvas.' And he did, and the picture won the Institute's Logan Medal.

"He has always painted to please himself, just as he has lived to please himself with—gusto. His studio is on the third floor of a dark, dilapidated building at 7 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, with hastily daubed signs on cardboard pointing the way up dark stairs, past the smelly kitchen of a smelly restaurant, to the disordered room where the artist teaches in a French, informal manner, with no attempt to regulate classes, models, or working hours.

"Because he likes it, he wears a broad-brimmed black hat; because he prefers it, he wears pince-nez with a black ribbon. He strides among his students emanating life, personality, vigor, and confidence. He seizes a brush from a timid hand and with a broad 'swish' puts life and art on an otherwise pallid canvas."

HE gives critics something to write about:

"Critics have called him a humorist, a painter of street types and barroom men and women, a poet on canvas, a Rabelais of the brush, a man who 'paints at the top of his voice,' a man with a 'Halslike relish for character,' 'a powerful technician and great artist,' and such other things as 'a beefy, lusty fellow' and 'a detester of prettiness and lover of beauty.'

"He is proud that he represents no contemporary fashion in art, and that, with Bellows and Henri, he began to develop a distinctive style of American painting that left off all slavishness to the schools of the past. He thinks Frans Hals is the greatest painter that ever lived, and he is sure the American painters will better anything that has ever been done.

"To-day he was interested in cross-eyed hillbillies; to-morrow he may change the canvas and make it a Sunday church scene in New England, for he never knows what the end of a beginning is to be until the end is reached. He hired three men to bring a push-cart full of fruit into his New York studio, one day, because he liked the colors. He painted it, vendor and all, but the canvas ended up as the interior of a speak-easy, and was called 'The Noble Experiment.'"

The Cover

THE sea calls in these days, and no better emblem of its glorious life could be offered than the cover to-day.

The artist, John D. Whiting, gives us this account of himself:

"Briefly, I am a Connecticut Yankee, graduate of Yale Art School (B. F. A., 1915), and have been illustrating for nearly twenty years. Am best known for spirited ship paintings, many of which have been reproduced as art prints. Am also author of three books dealing with ships and the sea, of which "Storm Fighters" is the mode widely known.

"The schooner shown in your cover is the *Gertrude Thébaud*, pride of Gloucester, as she looks in racing trim. There's a cool, salt wind in this and a choppy sea, and the *Thébaud* is leaning to it, close hauled."

This is modest, but we learn from published sources that Mr. Whiting was born in Ridgefield, Connecticut, in 1884. In 1918 he served Uncle Sam in designing camouflage for Army transports and supply ships.

He mentions one book, but his literary work has appeared in periodicals along with illustrations and colored covers.

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

Our Vagabond Army of Wandering Boys

THEY GRADUATE INTO HUNGER. They can not find jobs, because there are no jobs. The outlook at home is black. They are young, ambitious, adventurous. They are not immune from the wanderlust.

Somewhere else, thousands of well-born and well-brought up American youths tell themselves, they may find a livelihood. And so they are taking to the road—hitch-hiking, hopping freight-trains, trudging down dusty roads beyond the horizon, each one vainly seeking the opportunity to earn his living, to make his way in a world that gives him no welcome.

How many thousands of American boys—and girls—have thus swelled the ranks of the new "aimless army" of vagabond children it is impossible to estimate. A writer in the Washington weekly *Labor* estimates it at half a million, the Washington *News* at approximately 300,000; while Miss Maxine Davis, writing in the monthly *Ladies' Home Journal*, guesses at 200,000—including a scattering of girls.

Whatever the number, there can be no doubt that the problem, the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor reports, "transcends anything the country has yet known."

So rapidly has the "aimless army" of wandering boys grown that the Children's Bureau began an investigation to determine, if possible, how many youths were leaving home, seeking employment in other States and communities, becoming stranded; to what sections in particular they were attracted; how various communities were meeting the problem; and, finally, what was happening, morally and physically, to these self-made outcasts.

Dr. A. W. McMillen, of the Social Service Administration of the University of Chicago, assembled the materials upon which the report is based. Certain dailies fear that we may develop a class of "wild boys," similar to those who in Russia grew into desperate pillaging bands. Here are some of the reported facts:

"Boys accustomed to decent standards of living find themselves going for days at a time without taking off their clothes to sleep at night, becoming dirty, unkempt, a host to vermin.

"They may go for days with nothing to eat but coffee, bread, and beans. In winter they suffer from exposure.

"Last winter in one Western city thirty-five young men and boys were removed from box cars, seriously ill, some in an advanced stage of pneumonia.

"Freight-yards are policed. Hence trains must be boarded outside the yard limits while the train is in motion. One railroad alone reported more than fifty young men and boys killed and more than 100 crippled in this way last winter.

"It is no longer possible to pick up odd jobs here and there. Communities jealously reserve even the occasional short-time job for local residents. Therefore the unwelcome non-resident boy must either depend on the bread line or soup kitchen, or he must beg or steal.

"In the box cars, in the 'jungles,' as the camping sites adjacent to the railroad yards are called, or even in the municipal shelters, he will meet men whose entire influence is destructive—criminals, fugitives from justice, planning new 'jobs' and looking for clever new recruits—degenerates and perverts eager to initiate new boys into evil habits, and to teach them how they can pick up a few odd dollars in any big city.

"Such men are in the great minority, but one or two can do an incalculable amount of damage. Worst of all, perhaps, because it is so contagious, is the workless philosophy, the 'getting-by' attitude everywhere encountered and very easily acquired on the open road. To this species of demoralization the 'keep-them-moving' policy universally in vogue not only offers no opposition, but, in fact, contributes."

ONE surprizing and shocking fact brought to light is the "unawareness of social workers of the vast extent of this new problem, about which the railroad police are tremendously concerned." From September 1, 1931, to April 30, 1932, we read, the Southern Pacific Railroad, with its 9,130 miles of track, ejected no less than 416,915 trespassers, many of them under twenty-one years of age. This is but one instance of the hopeless migrations of the "aimless army."

Nor are they "bad" boys—neither defectives nor delinquents, according to the memorandum of the Children's Bureau:

"The traditional single transient of earlier years was the seasonal laborer, the 'knight of the road,' commonly called the hobo, and the occasional runaway boy or adventurous youth. To-day young men and boys who would normally be at work or in school predominate.

"Social workers, police, and railroad men, who are in constant touch with these boys, assert their belief that the overwhelming majority of them are young men and boys who would normally be in school or at work; that they are 'on the road' because there is nothing else to do—sometimes because sheer pride will not permit them to sit idle at home—sometimes because support for the whole family came from a relief agency, and was wholly inadequate properly to feed the younger children; that they are, on the whole, not of the habitual hobo or criminal types."

ACCORDING to the Children's Bureau, communities should not continue the vicious practise of "passing on," due to sheer inadequacy of local resources. "In city after city the transient boy finds that if he pauses to seek food or to rest, he can remain but twenty-four hours. . . . Then he must 'move on.'" Here is a program tentatively suggested by the Bureau:

"Every community has within it discouraged, restless, unemployed boys—potential wanderers. From north, east, south, and west they come, feeding the steady and growing stream, tramping the highways and riding the freights.

"Every boy persuaded to remain at home is clear gain, from his own and from the public-welfare point of view. All social workers may help by bringing personal influence to bear upon boys who show signs of restlessness. But that personal influence must be backed up by concerted action to make conditions more tolerable for the boy at home.

"Despite all efforts of a preventive character, many boys will continue to take to the road. For such boys, who find themselves stranded in an alien town or city, protection from as many of the physical and moral hazards of the road as possible should be afforded. In general, within a local community, protective action will take the form of provision for (a) shelter and food of acceptable standards, (b) registration and interviewing, and (c) a training program to provide for those who can not be sent home and who should not be passed on."

It is useless to blame the communities for the growth of this aimless army, comments the Washington *News*, but "it is criminal to do nothing about it."

"The remedy appears to lie in two channels of endeavor. The first is to see that the young wanderers get ample food and adequate medical care. The second is to do everything possible to keep them anchored—restored to home or given a new home.

"Projects such as reforestation camps offer a means of wholesome, outdoor work for adventurous-minded young men.

"Squalid conditions will help to rob 'the open road' of its glamour if the boys are given a decent alternative. The communities' job is to help make their homes livable and to prevent disastrous migrations. This will cost effort, cooperation, and money. But whatever the cost, it will be cheaper than the aftermath of crime."

IN an interview in the New York *Times*, Owen R. Lovejoy, secretary of the Children's Aid Society, comments on the increasing number of homeless boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty who drift into New York City:

"They drift into our city from all parts of the country—homeless, jobless—many of them desperate. We have cared for more than a thousand such boys at our Newsboys' Lodging House in the past year. Some of them have come from the Municipal Lodging House, some from the Crime Prevention Bureau and

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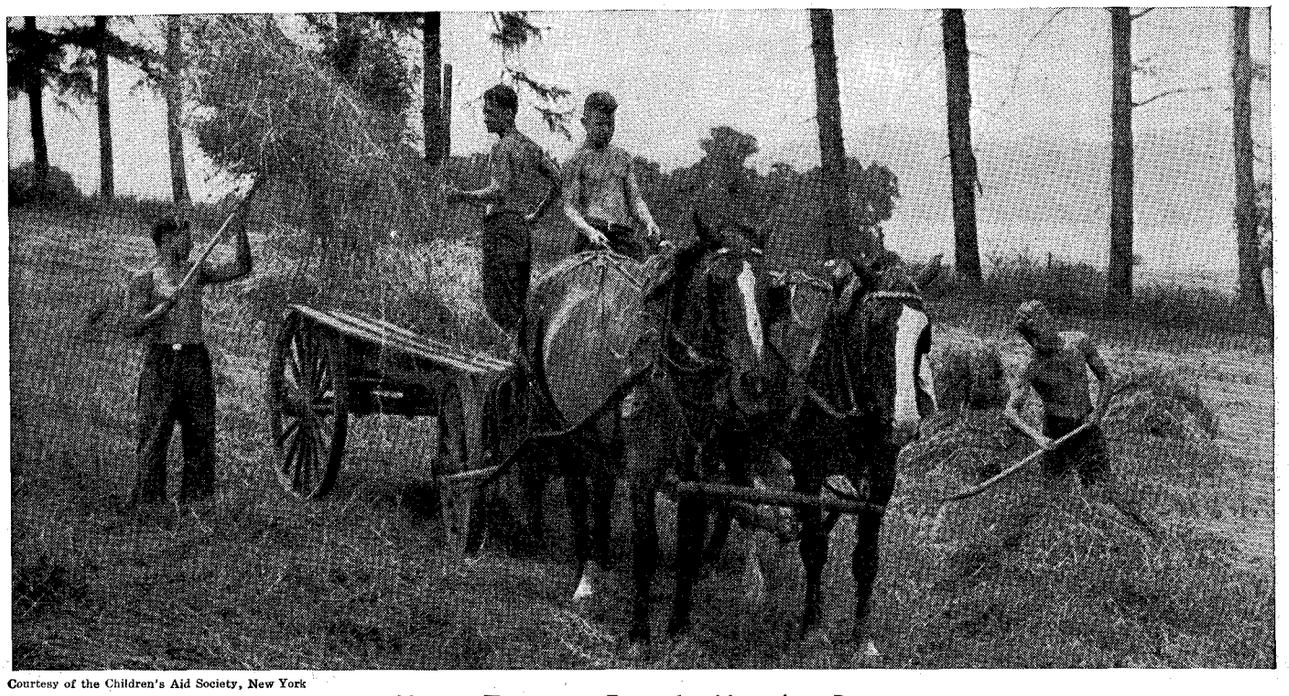

Courtesy of the Children's Aid Society, New York

Haying Time at a Farm for Homeless Boys

Thousands of wandering, homeless boys drift into New York every year. Constructive help is exemplified by the Children's Aid Society, which conducts Bowdoin and Brace Farms to train these youths.

the Travelers Aid Society. For only a few are jobs to be found in the city in these times."

A note of hope is sounded, however, by the Children's Aid Society. It meets the problem of the homeless transient by welcoming him to its farms. According to a recent report:

"At Brace Farm in Valhalla and Bowdoin Farm in New Hamburg, New York, the Society carries on training schools for these boys. At Brace Farm they learn the rudiments of farm work and shop work.

"Boys who show a capacity for further specialized farm training are sent on to Bowdoin Farm for intensive work. Many of the boys after a few months' such training and the friendly guidance and companionship which accompanies it are able to face the world with renewed courage."

Scientists Who Go to Church

AT least 25 per cent. of our best-known scientists are church members. This statement was made by Dr. Robert Millikan, winner of the Nobel Prize, at a commencement address delivered at the College of the Pacific in California. As reported in *The Congregationalist* (Boston), the distinguished head of the California Institute of Technology, himself the son of a clergyman, declared:

"The greatest elements in human progress are the discovery of the Golden Rule, the discovery of natural law, and the discovery of the idea of progress. The last two may be combined and called the discovery of the scientific method.

"Religion and science are great sister forces which are pulling mankind onward and upward.

"A sense of duty lies underneath all religion, and science must determine what duty is. There can not be any sense of duty divorced from the conviction that goodness is worth while.

"Primitive peoples believed themselves ruled by capricious gods, but Galileo changed this idea, and mankind began to move forward toward a better and more satisfactory conception of a God who rules by law and not by caprice. A new and broader conception has come into philosophy and religion.

"Twenty-five per cent. of the one thousand scientists listed in 'Who's Who' are church members, and the greater preponderance of church members is found among the younger scientists. The road to fruitful efforts lies in sticking to the scientific method and being guided by brute facts."

The Baptist Vision of a New Society

"DEEP DISCONTENT WITH THINGS as they are and a daring dream of something vastly better." These are embodied in the challenging and unequivocal Social Service Report, asserts *The Baptist* (Chicago), adopted by the Northern Baptist Convention in San Francisco. The main virtue of this report, claims the biweekly Baptist organ, will be to "quicken faith in the possibility of a better world than this."

To the editor of *The Baptist* this vision of a new society seems an inspiring return to the real meaning of the Gospels:

"Altho a buttoned-up, individualistic theology almost silenced the original Gospel, might it not have been expected that long ere this the common experiences of life would have prepared men's minds for a new understanding of that social hope which our Lord made so dominant in all his preaching?"

Because of the economic crisis, the chairman of the Social Service committee, we read in *The Baptist*, had requested U. M. McGuire, D. D. to prepare a thesis on, "A Christian Reconstruction of Society." This was submitted to all members of the committee, and in the light of their criticisms, revised and submitted as the report of the committee. Because of its indictment of the present social order, several members withheld their signatures. As summarized by *The Baptist:*

"Our civilization is not condemned as being wholly bad, but it is shown to be, in its policies, practises, and results, grossly at variance with the principles of Christianity.

"It is materialistic and selfish, exalting personal possessions above public service.

"It occasions and condones gross injustice, exploiting the poor, crushing the rich under monstrous accumulations of unearned income, distorting the social vision of the people, shamefully wasting the common wealth, reducing millions of citizens to direst privation and a humiliating dependence upon charity."

The solution, according to the report accepted and adopted by the North Baptist convention, lies in the social philosophy of

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Christianity, rigorously and courageously applied. This social faith includes the following affirmations:

"That the ethical principles of the Gospel are socially valid; that good-will, guided by intelligence, is a sound basis for a wholesome community life; that society can be Christianized in spirit, structure, and function; that the people are educable for social living; that higher incentives than avarice, ambition, or any other motive of predatory self-interest can be invoked to bring out the best service of the individual to his fellows; that the people have the natural right to hold, and can be safely entrusted with the power of democratic control, over their economic life; that industry can be organized on the principle of cooperation for the common good; that distribution can be so coordinated as to supply the needs of all; that there need be no dispossest class sinking into servitude, poverty, ignorance, vice, and misery; that civil government can be made the democratic agent of the community for the impartial promotion of the welfare of all the people; that disagreements among groups, classes, and nations can be adjusted peaceably; that the cooperative commonwealth is practicable on a world-wide scale.

"Such faith is inherent in the acceptance of Jesus as the exponent of the true way of life. It is unyielding in its moral insistence. It flames with religious and social passion. It glows with the love of Christ for humanity. Its symbol is the Cross.

"This reasoning has no theological bearings. It is equally valid for the evolutionist and for the premillenarian. Both alike accept the Gospel for the standard of social ethics. Both believe that the impact of the Gospel upon human society ought to produce results in righteousness and in human welfare. Both believe that the extent to which Christianity may affect society for good is to be ascertained only by actual experiment. Both believe that all practicable efforts for social righteousness and human well-being ought to be faithfully made."

Wide World

He Denounces Democracy

Jose Ortega y Gasset is a convinced Republican, but he fears the revolt of the masses.

The Menace of the "Mass-Man"

SPOILED CHILDREN with too many toys.

Such are the masses of to-day, according to José Ortega y Gasset, described as the philosopher of Spain's new Republic, but scathingly bitter in his denunciation of democracy.

His new book, "The Revolt of the Masses" (W. W. Norton, New York), is a warning against the invasion of European civilization by these barbarians—appearing on the stage of civilization through a trap-door, and thus "vertical" invaders.

This thesis wins the praise of such aristocratic analysts of the world-scene as the German Count Keyserling; throws searching light on what is really the matter with the world, in the opinion of the financial organ, *The Wall Street Journal;* but it offers no new hope to radical idealists like E. Sylvia Pankhurst, who reviews the new work for the London *New Statesman and Nation.*

Observing that in the last century the population of Europe and America has tripled in numbers, Señor Ortega contends that the "mass-man" is a phenomenon new in human society. He thus defines the characteristic of this new "barbarian":

"The type which at present is to be found everywhere, and everywhere imposes his own spiritual barbarism, is, in fact, the spoiled child of human history.

"The spoiled child is the heir who behaves exclusively as a mere heir. In this case the inheritance is civilization—with its conveniences, its security; in a word, with all its advantages."

How then do these spoiled children, the masses, enjoy their inheritance? According to this drastic critic of democracy, exactly as one might expect of spoiled children:

"The world at the present day is behaving in a way which is a very model of childishness. In school, when some one gives the word that the master has left the class, the mob of youngsters breaks loose, kicks up its heels, and goes wild.

"Each of them experiences the delights of escaping the pressure imposed by the master's presence; of throwing off the yoke of rule, of feeling himself the master of his fate.

"But as once the plan which directed their occupations and tasks is suspended, the youthful mob has no formal occupation of its own, no task with a meaning, a continuity, and a purpose, it follows that it can only do one thing—stand on its head.

"The frivolous spectacle offered by the smaller nations to-day is deplorable. Because it is said that Europe is in decadence and has given over ruling, every tuppeny-ha'penny nation starts skipping, gesticulating, standing on its head or else struts around giving itself airs of a grown-up person who is the ruler of his own destinies.

"The characteristic of the hour is that the commonplace mind, knowing itself to be commonplace, has the assurance to proclaim the rights of the commonplace, and to impose them wherever it will. As they say in the United States, 'to be different is to be indecent.'

"The mass crushes beneath it everything which is excellent, individual, qualified, select. Anybody who is not like everybody and does not think like everybody runs the risk of being eliminated."

To Señor Ortega y Gasset, Bolshevism and Fascism are "two clear examples of retrogression, typical movements of mass-man, directed, as all such attempts are, by men who are mediocrities." These are but two examples of the "vertical" invasion. The menace of the "vertical" invasion, according to this pessimistic Spanish philosopher, is universal:

"If that human type continues to be master in Europe, thirty years will suffice to send our continent back to barbarism.

"Legislative and industrial technique will disappear with the same facility with which so many trade secrets have often disappeared.

"The whole of life will be contracted. The actual abundance of possibilities will change into practical scarcity, a pitiful impotence, a real decadence.

"For the rebellion of the masses is one and the same thing with what Rathenau called 'the vertical invasion of the barbarians.'"

What is needed to prevent this catastrophe, claims José Ortega y Gasset, is some great unifying enterprise for Europe. As interpreted by Miss Pankhurst in the London *New Statesman:*

"'Communism is an extravagant moral code,' declares Ortega, 'but it is a moral code,' whilst Europe, he says, has no moral code of any sort.

"The one great enterprise which, he believes, could counterbalance the Communist attraction is the building of Europe into a great national State.

"He instances the power of American commerce through the vastness of the national market open to it, and urges that a united Europe, with all the frontiers down and the tariff walls swept away, would be in possession of a market much vaster than America.

"He offers us no new social order, no new idealism, no new hope, only the limbo of outworn dogmas and institutions which have brought the world to this pass—magnified, if you will, but not in essence changed. Even war would not be ended by his solution, for since he postulates that Europe must command the world, war with the yellow and the black races, even with Communist Russia, would still be possible."

Echoes of the Spaniard's fear of the "vertical" invasion of civilization are found in a widely quoted and discust speech delivered by H. G. Wells at the Liberal Summer School at Oxford. As quoted in the London *Star,* the great English publicist declared that "unless we get a new and revolutionary force into being very soon, then this tottering civilization of ours is going to stagger down to chaotic violence and decadence. The world will be a world for the gangster tribes."

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

His Hand Was Quicker Than a Wolf's Jaws

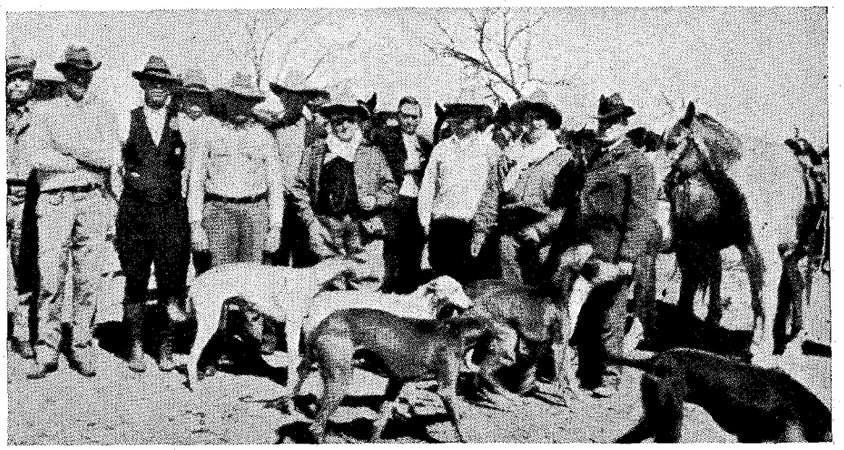
"THAT'S WONDERFUL! That's wonderful, Abernathy!" cried President Roosevelt. "I want to see you catch another one."

John R. (Catch-'em-Alive) Abernathy had thrust his bare hand into a wolf's mouth, gript him by the jaw, and was holding on.

Now he tells the story, with other adventures, in *Outdoor Life*.

Back in 1905 this was, and the Presidential party had camped on Deep Red Creek, Oklahoma, where, with forty-two dogs, they awaited the hunt.

Up and ready at half-past four in the morning, the President mounted a beautiful Kiowa cow horse, and the party, with Abernathy and their hosts, started out in an irregular line, all straining their eyes for wolves.



Illustrations by courtesy of *Outdoor Life*

Starting Out to Look for New Wolves to Conquer. The Watch-chain Marks Abernathy, the Coyote King

Before they had ridden a mile they jumped two.

After a speedy race, the dogs caught the rearmost one on the bank of a creek, and tumbled him in.

Partly because the water was too cold to swim in, and partly because he wanted to let the President see what a ferocious fighter a cornered coyote could be, Abernathy let the dogs finish him, and a tough time they had doing it.

Two more races. In one, the wolf escaped. In the other, the dogs made quick work of the coyote. Then lunch, after which Abernathy promised to catch the next one alive.

"That's bully!" said the President. "I'm going to do my best to keep in sight of you."

AFTER riding two or three miles, the party sighted a coyote, and, with the greyhounds bounding ahead, made after him at top speed, the President close behind Abernathy.

"This was a very swift, hard-running wolf," says Abernathy in his own account of the affair, "and he picked out the roughest ground he could find, which resulted in a chase of unusual interest. I hit the ground about the same time the dogs threw him. He made a dart at me and snapt his teeth, which proved his undoing."

Just so. The hand, or at least Catch-'em-Alive Abernathy's hand, is quicker than the jaw. It grips that jaw, and hangs on.

As Abernathy tells us, the President "made quite a fuss over the catch," and, when the others rode up, he said to Dr. Lambert, a member of the Presidential party, "Doctor, what do you think of that?"

THEY wired the wolf and took him back to camp, and there a discussion began about wolf-catching. Was Abernathy the only man who had the trick? Lee Bevin, one of the President's hosts, thought not, and wanted to risk it, himself. Another, Col. Cecil Lyon, said, "Abernathy, will you let Bevin have the first wolf in the morning?"

"Certainly," replied Catch-'em-Alive, "and the second one, too, if he wants it."

Then quoth Lyon, "Bevin says he will catch a wolf just like you catch them, and I have told him that if he does, I will give him this check for $500, and he is to give me $500 if he fails. We are going to put both checks in the President's hands."

The Wolf Master Does His Stuff While Cowboys Hold the Dogs Back

The wolf master washed his hands of this amateur bout. Thus:

I told them what they did was their own business, but I hoped that Bevin didn't get hurt.

By this time they were ready to deposit the checks with the President, but he objected. "No, boys, I can't be your stakeholder. You know each other, and if Bevin catches the wolf like Abernathy catches them, Colonel Lyon will give him his check for $500, and if he fails, Bevin will give Lyon his $500, but I wouldn't like to be your stakeholder."

The next morning at daylight we were in the saddle. Bevin took his nine or ten dogs, three of them being Russian staghounds and the others greyhounds. In order that there should be as little confusion as possible, the riders were limited to seven, who with two surreysful made a pretty good-sized crowd.

We didn't travel more than a half mile from camp before up jumped a coyote, and we started in hot pursuit. Of course, I

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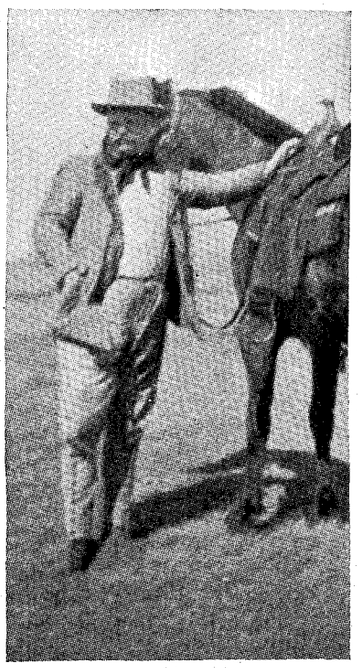
wasn't supposed to ride in the lead, but I couldn't hold my horse, once the race was on. The dogs soon stopt the wolf, and I dashed up to the catch, the President right on my heels, and he in turn closely followed by Bevin. Jumping off his horse just as the dogs bent the wolf to the ground and stretched him out, Bevin thrust his left hand into the wolf's mouth. Evidently he failed to get his hand far enough back in the animal's mouth, for the wolf fastened his fangs in his thumb, inflicting a painful wound. Jerking his hand free, Bevin sprang backward about five feet, and started sucking his thumb vigorously.



"Teddy" Had Hunted a Few Wolves Himself

At this, Dr. Lambert, the President's physician, sprang from his horse, and, dashing up to the wolf, thrust his right hand into the animal's mouth, whereupon:

The coyote snapt his jaws with the precision of a steel trap, and his fangs penetrated the fleshy part of the doctor's hand just above the little finger. Then the doctor did a surprizing thing. Never breaking his hold, he jerked his hunting knife from its scabbard with his left hand and, quicker than a flash, stabbed the coyote to the heart, killing him instantly.

The President laughed good-naturedly when he noticed that his physician had been slightly injured in trying to emulate the example I had set, altho he didn't laugh when Bevin was hurt so badly. It certainly was no laughing matter with Bevin.

I got off my horse, and going around to Bevin, said: "Don't suck your thumb. Let me doctor it; I have a good antiseptic here." I tore up my handkerchief and drest his thumb and, after applying first-aid to the injured, I mounted my horse.

"Abernathy, it's up to you from here on out," said the President. Thus he shut out the antics of the amateurs.

About that time, George Nichols, my assistant, drove up with the wagon containing my dogs, and I said: "Well, Mr. President, if you are ready for me to perform, I'll request you to pick out one dog for me."

The President objected strongly. "I won't let you run just one dog," he said.

"I'm not afraid of the wolf," replied Catch-'em-Alive. "It's dogs I'm afraid of, and I'd rather have one dog than two."

The President stood out for at least three, but finally compromised on two, and insisted on selecting them. The story continues:

As luck would have it, he chose the two youngest dogs, neither of which had ever tript a wolf. Of course, I knew that I could catch the wolf without any dogs at all, but since I had distinguished spectators, I didn't want to take any unnecessary chances.

We took a southerly course from the place where the two men had been bitten. After riding about a mile I sighted a wolf a short distance to the east of us. The wolf was walking along leisurely, stopping every once in a while to look us over. I knew that if I could keep the riders' attention in the opposite direction, we could get a little closer to the wolf before starting the chase. I discovered an eagle a mile to the west of the wolf, and hollered to the bunch asking them if they could make out the object. At the same time I kept my eyes on the wolf. By working this ruse I was able to approach to within 200 yards before the other riders noticed our quarry. When they finally discovered him, I spoke to my dogs, and they went out like bullets.

It was a close run, and the dogs were swift ones, so in a few minutes they were up with the wolf. The leader, unable to check his speed, shot past. Consequently—

The wolf caught the dog instead of the dog catching the wolf. With one lightning-like movement of his powerful jaws, he slashed the dog along the back, inflicting a wound nearly a foot long. At the moment I arrived, the dog and wolf fell to the ground and I sprang on top of them, being careful to avoid the bite of either. They untangled and the wolf whirled on me, and I caught and held him at arm's length. It was one of the prettiest catches I ever made, and the President was right at my back when I did it.

As Dr. Lambert pulled out his camera, the President dismounted and said: "Boys, stand back. I want just Abernathy and myself here." And the doctor snapt the picture of the two of us. When the stragglers rode up, a picture of the entire group was made. Mounting my horse without releasing the wolf, I placed him in front of me and rode on without wiring him up.

Arabian Nights Adventures of a Lock-Picking Houdini

THIS LIFE SHAPES ITSELF like a mystery novel, and he learns to take the unusual as a matter of course. All things are possible in his experience, just because he knows how to open locks that baffle other men—because, as we are told, he has "won fame and fortune doing pretty much the same things for which thousands of other men are serving sentences in jail—with the difference, of course, that Charles Courtney operates legally."

A perfectly honorable and above-board "Alias Jimmy Valentine"!

Incidentally the President of the American Association of Master Locksmiths and the man who, it is said, will have the job of opening the *Lusitania's* safes, if and when the salvage of the sunken liner's treasure proceeds far enough.

We learn of two mysterious strangers walking into Mr. Courtney's New York establishment and inviting him to go abroad with them "under sealed orders."

All that he knew was—

That one of them had shown him a blue-print and asked, "Can you open a safe of this type?"—to which he had replied, "Yes, certainly."

Photograph by Brown Brothers

No Lock Can Keep Its Secrets Long From Him

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Preliminaries having been pleasantly arranged, the locksmith embarked across the Atlantic, ignorant of his mission. It proved to be connected with the salvaging of the treasure in the foundered P. & O. liner *Egypt*.

In THE DIGEST of July 30 we gave an account of the salvaging of a great part of the *Egypt's* treasure in gold bullion and coin. Mr. Courtney had already played his part, which is thus summarized by Arthur Strawn in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine:

His task, of course, wasn't actually to go down into the sunken vessel's hold. It was to study the blue-prints and to prepare minute instructions that would enable the divers to open the vaults without damaging anything inside. Courtney spent a few days working on the problem, went to Calais, and there conferred with other engineers and divers engaged in the salvaging. A few days later the safes had yielded their treasure.

FACE to face with a lock, Courtney can accomplish more with a piece of wire than an old-fashioned woman ever did with a hairpin. Thus:

While on his way to his shop one morning, he noticed smoke billowing from the upper story of an apartment-house. He called a policeman, who immediately went to turn in an alarm while Courtney went to the apartment and began ringing the bells. But there was no response from the upper floor. Courtney dashed into a "coffee pot" next door, grabbed up a fork and spoon and hurried back. He improvised tools by breaking off the scoop of the spoon and bending the prongs of the fork, and with these picked the lock. With the aid of the policeman and neighbors he hauled a half-suffocated family out into fresh air as the Fire Department's trucks roared up to the front door.

A year or so ago, Courtney had the pleasure of saving a financier from ruin. It was a bad day in Wall Street, and the financier called up from Florida ordering his secretary to remove several thousand shares of stock from his safe and put them on the market before the Stock Exchange closed. Then he hung up. Reading on:

It was then twelve o'clock, and the Exchange closed at three. Suddenly the secretary realized that the only person, besides the financier, who had the combination to the safe was away. She immediately called back to Florida, but the financier could not be located. In the excitement some one suggested Courtney. He came and heard the story.

Either drilling the safe or manipulating the combination would take hours, and then it would be too late. But Courtney's long experience with similar problems came to his assistance.

"Show me the desk of Mr. Blank's partner," he said. It was locked. Courtney promptly picked the lock. And, sure enough, among the man's private papers he found the combination. The securities reached the Stock Exchange in time.

AS Mr. Strawn tells us, Courtney's interest in locks began when at the mischievous age of ten, he wanted to break into his mother's preserve closet. He found an old wire, worked on it with a file, and—

Presto! the lock yielded. Even a spanking coupled with a stomachache couldn't extinguish the pride of achievement this prank gave him, and he's been opening locks, tho for more substantial rewards, ever since.

Courtney's exceptional skill is derived from two sources. One is an exact and apparently unlimited knowledge of lock mechanisms, ancient and modern. He also has what may best be described as a sort of sixth sense, an almost intuitive touch that tells him when a tumbler has fallen into position, tho he can not see it. As he manipulates the dial of a safe with one hand, his other rests against the steel door. With almost abnormal sensitiveness he feels what is happening inside.

"Just like Jimmy Valentine!" the reader may exclaim.

A short, stocky Virginian of perhaps forty-six, with ruddy face and black hair, Charles Courtney gives the impression of being a successful business man. Mr. Strawn tells us that—

Leading lock manufacturers engage him as consultant to pass judgment on their product before placing it on the market. To him from far-off Australia and South America come rare locks whose owners won't trust the repairing to any one else.

Helen II, New Queen of the Courts

SALUTE THE BLUE-EYED HELEN JACOBS, winner of the U. S. Women's National lawn-tennis championship, succeeding Helen Wills Moody, retired.

Thirty-one minutes it took this new Helen to win, but she had waited seven years for the triumph. Mrs. Moody stood in her way. So, on one occasion, did Mrs. Watson, an Englishwoman.

At last victory!

The other afternoon, Helen Jacobs stood before an impromptu, rose-adorned altar within the tennis stadium at Forest Hills, Long Island. The great tournament had ended. Twenty-three-year-old Miss Jacobs received the cup and with it the congratulations of Carolyn Babcock, whom she had just

Acme

The Victor Is Serious, the Vanquished Frisky

vanquished in the finals. Both girls are—we almost said "of course"—Californians.

Miss Babcock is twenty, a bronzed little thing with black hair, and Francis Wallace tells us in the New York *Daily News*, that throughout the week her boyish face had never relaxed from its grim lines as she fought her way to the final. Mr. Wallace continues:

Then came Jacobs—and Jacobs, hot for the elusive title with her nemesis, Helen Wills Moody, absent, was too good. The kid started well, but experience and power opposed her; the youngster tried everything—the net, lobbing, smashing, placing—trying for the point always; she often had the better of rallies; but most of the time Jacobs got 'em back, got 'em back, kept 'em coming, kept 'em coming.

The pressure from the other side of the net and the pressure from the very nearness of the title were too much. Carolyn lost her daring, lost her sure touch, lost her confidence; she faded out as kids are apt to do who approach too soon to the peak of the great, kids who have not acquired the cushion of experience.

She ran the first set to 2–3; then Jacobs broke through her service and ran out the set. The second was slightly different. Jacobs broke through on Babcock's second service to take a 3–1 lead; Carolyn came right back and broke through Jacobs to make it 2–3 and gave the gallery of 2,500 a promise that she might do as she had done against Joan Ridley, come through in the second set and hit the top of her form in the third.

But after that rally Carolyn was through. Jacobs would have triumphed, anyhow, probably, but the Los Angeles girl suddenly gave way to the combined elements of pressure and quickly beat herself.

It was a 6—2, 6—2 victory. In the ceremony that followed, Miss Jacobs received a large silver cup, Miss Babcock a smaller

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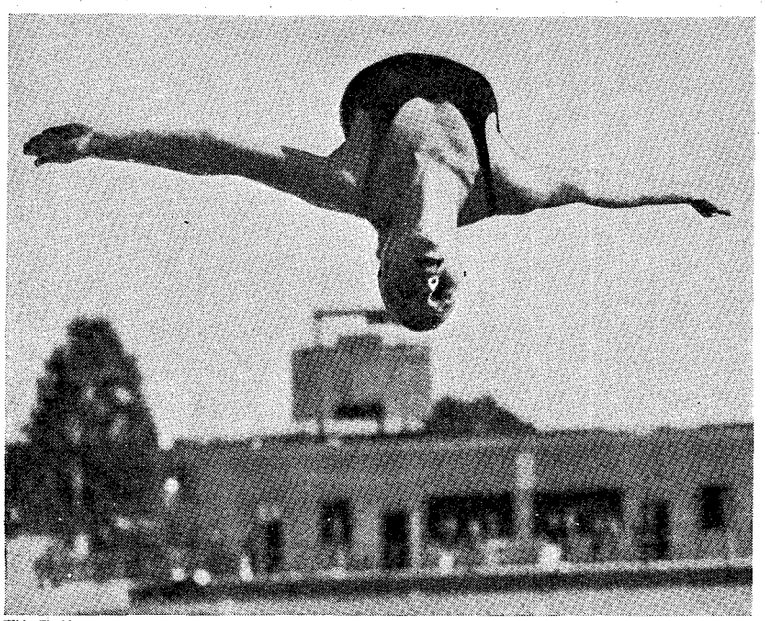
one, and then "Carolyn's mask fell off. She smiled for the first time during the tournament, the smile of a beaten, somewhat bewildered little girl, a pretty girl with white teeth where the firm line of her mouth had been, the smile of a kid who had done the best she could and was glad it was over." However, Mr. Wallace is of the opinion that—



Wide World

Not a Legless Wonder—Just Dorothy Poynton Upside Down

Her shapely legs are trailing safely beyond, and her champion dives are still a high light of post-Olympic discussion.

Carolyn will be back and will be a figure in future tournaments; her only previous competition was two years ago, when she went out early. For Helen Jacobs, who has been beaten in even less time than thirty-one minutes, and by her Berkeley neighbor and none-too-friendly rival, Helen Wills Moody, it marked the first success in this tournament after long years of trying, which began in 1925.

Miss Jacobs followed her triumph in singles by teaming with Sarah Palfrey to win the Women's National Doubles title. They defeated Mrs. Marjorie Morrill Painter and Alice Marble, 8—6, 6—1.

In his account of the semifinals, J. P. Allen tells the readers of the New York *Sun* that "the little Helen of the courts, in easy fashion, defeated Mrs. Elsie Goldsack Pittman of England in straight sets."

Carolyn Babcock won her place in the finals by defeating Joan Ridley of England. According to Michael J. Foster, in the New York *Journal*, Miss Babcock—

Was wild as the proverbial March hare in dropping the first set and falling behind 2—4 in the second, and a straight-set defeat seemed her inevitable fate.

But there was no feezing this coast girl. She lifted her game when she had to, started rushing the net to upset Miss Ridley's driving tactics, and swung the tide of victory abruptly around to pull out the most popular victory scored in the titular competition this week.

At the outset Miss Babcock was so wild and Miss Ridley so steady that it was hardly a contest. The Englishwoman broke through Carolyn's service three times, the third time at love in the ninth game, and she had the set at 6—4.

The route continued for six more games, until Miss Ridley had her 4—2 lead. Then Miss Babcock broke through at 30, and the complexion of the match changed abruptly. She won her own delivery at 5—3 to even the game—score at 4—all split the next two games, and then broke through once more, this time at 15, with a brilliant display of volleying. When she held her service in the twelfth game, she had the set and the match was tied up.

Breaks came one right after the other in the final chapter, but despite the fact that she had considerable difficulty at first in taking the lead, Miss Babcock always looked the winner.

Post-Olympic Feats and Cheers

"IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE CHEERING," said Los Angeles, and was wrong.

"Not yet!" said Chicago, and was right.

In some respects the one-night-stand Post-Olympics at Chicago actually outshone the triumph at Los Angeles.

Here was "Babe" Didrikson breaking Lillian Copeland's Olympic discus record with a toss of 133 feet, 10 inches, and three minutes later, Miss Wagsowma stepping into the ring for a toss of 137 feet, 3½ inches.

Here was Stella Walsh shattering the world's record in the 200 meters. Time 24.1 seconds.

Here was Jan Kusocinski, Olympic 10,000-meter champion, to outdistance Lauri Lehtinen of Finland and Ralph Hill of Oregon in the famous 5,000-meter run-off.

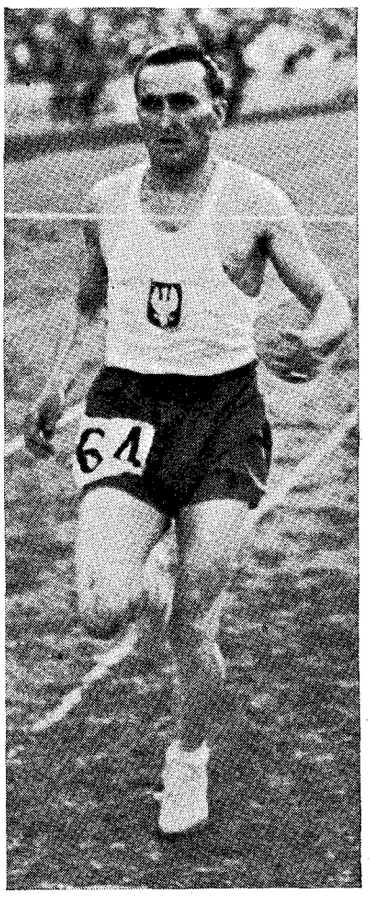
Other stars in plenty, and a setting worthy of this most brilliant field and track meet ever staged in the Middle West, while 50,000 spectators packed the monumental stadium, Soldier Field.

As Ralph Cannon tells us in the Chicago *Daily News*, "the ceremonies opened with a seventeen-gun artillery salute for the visiting notables in true Olympic style." Then—

Following the bugle corps of the American Legion, drest in white, came the parade of nations. Canada first, followed in alphabetical order by Czecho-Slovakia, Finland, Germany, Greece, Haiti, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States. The bright colors of the peasant costumes, with sparkling spangles and flaring bright skirts, contrasted the various uniform get-ups of the athletes following.

With the officials in white trousers, blue coats and straw hats lined up facing the stands, the band of the American Legion Board of Trade Post played the "Star-Spangled Banner" as bombs bursting in air dropt the flags of the various nations to float away, followed by a spear of blue from the spotlight.

The biggest thrill at Chicago was the 5,000-meter run-off of the disputed Olympic race. Chicago had expected it to be a Lehtinen-Hill contest, and Kusocinski, winner of the 10,000 meters at Los Angeles, threw in a wholly unanticipated challenge. As Mr. Cannon relates, "Lehtinen lasted only five laps, after which emerged the marvelous contest between Kusocinski and Hill, culminating in one



Wide World

Breaking the Tape Is Kusocinski's Long Suit

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She couldn't go places in a LAID-UP CAR

● AGAIN HER nimble little coupe was laid up for repairs, plans changed . . . a trip cancelled . . . disappointment!

"What *makes* it go wrong?" she cried.

"Lady," the garage-man said, "I'll bet you just ask for a quart of oil without even knowing where it comes from. No wonder your car is laid up! What you need is *oilier* oil—a 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil!"

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Oilier oil holds all the power behind your pistons, where all of it can work. As a result, your engine has more real power. More pep. More *go!*

That extra oiliness *lasts*, too; for this oilier oil *fights heat* which thins out and breaks the film of ordinary oils. You don't have to add or change oil nearly so often. Another definite economy from oilier oil!

To keep *your* car ready to go places, demand—and *get*—an *oilier* oil, a 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil!

HELPFUL FOLDER FREE: "$1,000 Worth of Information on Motor Oils." Any car owner, man or woman, can save money by reading this folder. It explains just why oilier oil is so important. Write for it — today — to Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Dept. A-5, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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of the most beautifully fought-out last laps ever seen in a race of that distance and significance." Reading on—

Hill first took the lead, but quickly gave it up to Kusocinski, who set a terrific pace. Lehtinen for a couple of laps tried to stick with him, and the two opened up a big gap between themselves and Hill and Virtanen; Lehtinen then put in his only bid, trying to run Kusocinski out of gas with a terrific pace, but finally gave up with what was diagnosed as a pulled tendon.

Hill, who had been ignoring the Lehtinen-Kusocinski race throat-cutting, stuck to his regular pace, drifting along fifty yards back. Then he gradually, and almost imperceptibly, began creeping up until at the start of the final lap he caught up with Kusocinski, and on the far straightaway made his bid for the race by passing and opening up a nice lead that had the stands wild. But Kusocinski was one Olympic champion who had the heart and fought his way back to catch and pass Hill again before they came to the turn, and then opened up ground from there on. With the race in hand the red pants of Kusocinski finally slackened their rhythmical flip-flap and he let himself drift to the tape.

The First of Uncle Sam's Life-Saving Air Fleet

This ambulance seaplane, the "Antares," is one of five being built for the Coast Guard by the General Aviation Corporation.

This race really made the meet, stirring up the crowd to a pitch of intense excitement that so carried over that at midnight the majority were still lingering over the added events.

Stepping to the microphone after his victory, Kusocinski addrest the Poles of the United States. "The Polish colony should live long and happy," he said, and in points at the Post-Olympics on a 5-3-2-1 basis his country ranks second—the United States first, with 121 points; then Poland with 33½; then Germany with 32; Finland with 20½; Italy with 19; Canada with 13; Haiti and Sweden with 5 each; Greece with 2; Hungary with 1.

Clearly, then, it was by no means "all over but the cheering," and the cheering for the victors at Los Angeles, along with some who were not victors, seems only to have begun. Thus far, the women divers and swimmers win highest praise, conspicuous among them the wonderful Dorothy Poynton, who finished first in the high-diving final. And here, in the New York *Herald Tribune* is L. de B. Handley's appreciation of a losing contestant's swimming:

One of the greatest surprizes and finest achievements of the entire carnival was provided by Miss Lenore Kight, of the American team, in the 400-meter free-style test. Actually Miss Kight outswam Miss Helene Madison, the winner, for Miss Madison gained a lead of a yard on the field in the starting dive and led home her diminutive rival by longer arm reach.

Swimming came into its own at the Olympic games in Los Angeles. So keen was the interest that the big natatorial stadium proved inadequate to accommodate the great crowds eager to witness the international contests. Tickets were sold out far in advance. Admission was at a premium throughout. Even the post-games meet, which offered a comparatively unimportant program, drew an overflowing swarm of enthusiastic fans. And every one was amply repaid.

American girls outclassed all rivals in swimming and diving. The diving was the best seen at any Olympic games, and the new champions, "Mickey Riley" Galitzen and Miss Georgia Coleman in springboard work, Harold Smith and Miss Dorothy Poynton in high-platform diving, had to show top form to outpoint their American rivals. The foreign contenders did not have a chance.

Flying Ambulances for Sick Sailors

SEAPLANE *Antares* to the rescue!

At eight in the morning had come a radio alarm from the American tanker *Samuel Q. Brown.* Accident on board. Two seamen severely scalded. No doctor.

Lieut.-Commander C. C. von Paulsen took off from Cape May immediately in the *Antares*, flew fifty miles in thirty minutes, and alighted alongside the tanker, tho a high sea was running.

Cots bearing the injured men swung out over the ship's rail and dropt slowly through a specially provided hatch in the seaplane's fuselage.

Away sped the *Antares*, and half an hour later a physician at Cape May ordered the men taken to a hospital in Philadelphia.

So into the air once more shot the flying life-boat.

At a quarter past ten, the two sailors were not only in Philadelphia but in a hospital. Total distance traveled, 125 miles. Elapsed time after leaving their ship, one hour and fifteen minutes.

A dispatch boat would have required at least twelve hours to accomplish the rescue that was thus effected in less than two hours.

The *Antares*, as Commander Norman B. Hall informs us in *The National Aeronautic Magazine*, is the charter member of a fleet which, when completed, will be kept ready to meet all emergencies arising at sea:

For nearly a century and a half the Coast Guard has served shipping, mariners, and passengers afloat. Thousands of lives and millions of dollars' worth of vessels and cargoes have been saved in dramatic rescue work on the high seas. Now for the first time the Coast Guard is prepared to augment this humanitarian work by the use of aircraft especially designed to meet its exacting requirements.

Five flying boats will constitute a fleet which will be of tremendous help in the work of the Coast Guard. These ships will contribute considerably to the safety of marine commerce and commercial airplanes flying over water. A disabled vessel in need of assistance or a small missing boat can be much more quickly located by a search from the air than by a large number of surface vessels. The failure of a small yacht or power launch to return to port is always reported to the Coast Guard, which proceeds immediately to search the sea for the missing craft. Hereafter, whenever possible, a Coast Guard plane will be dispatched to find the lost craft. Upon finding it, the plane will communicate by radio with the nearest Coast Guard boat, which in turn will proceed to take the lost vessel safely in tow.

There are any number of other opportunities in which the airplane can be of inestimable value to the Coast Guard. Let us suppose that an ocean liner 400 miles at sea radios an S O S. She is sinking; her passengers are frantically taking to the life-boats in an effort to save their lives. All available ships are requested to set courses to the trouble area, which can not be given definitely because of preceding storm conditions. Here an aerial "eye" capable of extended search takes off immediately. After locating the distrest ship its observations and directions are flashed by radio to surface rescue ships. Thus, in circumstances where quick action is probably a matter of life and death, hours and possibly days of delay are saved.

Sometime the Coast Guard's new planes will even be able to prevent shipwrecks by removing one frequent cause of them—namely, derelicts. Abandoned, drifting without lights, and often just awash, they are a deadly menace, and surface craft locate them as a rule only with difficulty.

Suppose, now, that a ship three hundred miles out reports by radio that one of these meandering hulks has been sighted. The report states its position. The direction and speed of the current controlling its course are known. The direction of the wind is known. Within a few hours, a flying boat equipped with tools and explosives can locate the drifting hulk and sink it.

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Another situation, described as typical, is pictured as happening at almost any seaside summer resort:

Inexperienced seamen with unwarranted confidence have sailed far from shore—where they sit now in their distrest sailing or motor craft. A Coast Guard airplane speeds out to sea, lands near by and returns with the rescued crew. In some instances the plane would have to land, take aboard as many passengers as possible, and stand by for a lengthy period until a surface vessel appeared to take on the other refugees.

Now and then it happens that the distrest craft is an aircraft forced down, and so—

Through an airplane-reporting system conducted by the Coast Guard along the Atlantic coast, the passage of all planes as they fly over the station is observed and reported. The value of this service to passenger lines is apparent. Since each station has its number painted in large figures easily read from above, a pilot can tell exactly where he is. In the event of a commercial plane being forced down at sea, the Coast Guard flying boats will be ever ready to proceed to the scene.

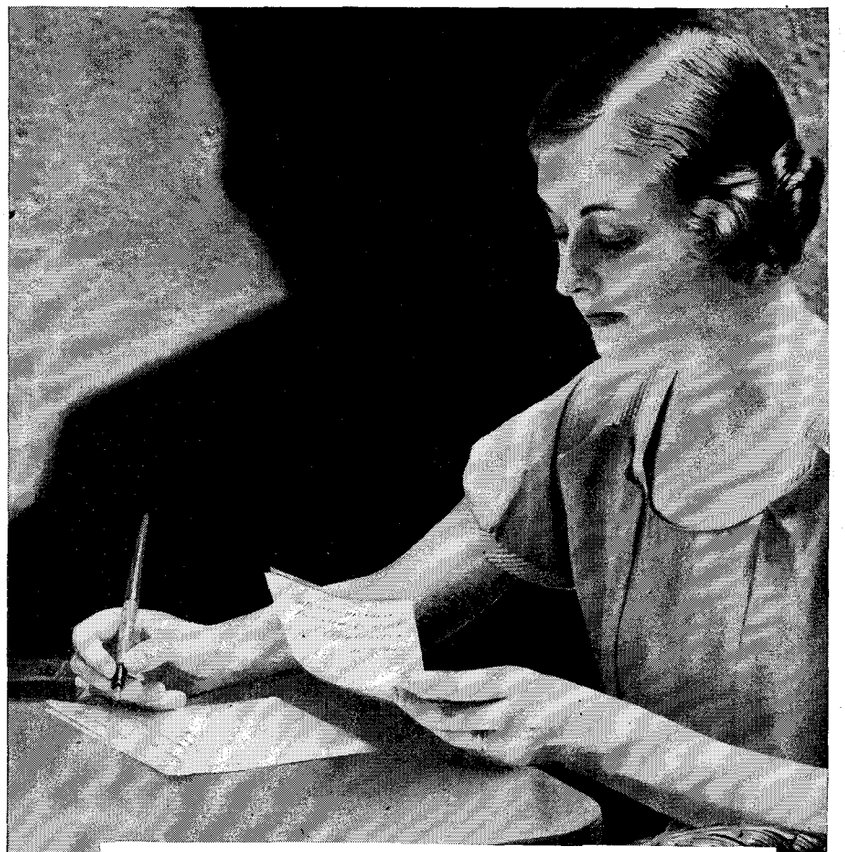
The airplanes now being built by the General Aviation Corporation of Baltimore for the Coast Guard have been specially designed for the work they are to do. These large flying boats, Coast Guard cutters of the air, will have a cruising range without refueling of 1,000 miles. Each one will be able to search an area of 25,000 square miles in one day. A far departure, this, from surface-boat searching. The ships are large enough to accommodate comfortably the passengers of a commercial plane that may have been forced down, or the crew of a small yacht. The *Antares* has already demonstrated the celerity with which sick or injured persons may be transported in these "flying life-boats."

Following the example set in naming the *Antares*, the four remaining ships will be named after prominent stars used by sailors in navigating at sea. It is probable that many times in the future persons in distress at sea will be as glad to glimpse a Coast Guard seaplane speeding to their rescue as the mariner, unaware of his position after days and nights of foul weather, eagerly glimpsed the star which enabled him to ascertain his place on the water.

The addition of these large flying boats is bound to work an important change in the operation of the Coast Guard patrol. Substituting a life-boat that can fly more than 110 miles an hour and has a range of over 1,000 miles with visibility far exceeding that of the surface boats will greatly increase the efficiency and economy of Coast Guard operation.

Concerning the extent of the Coast Guard's service, Commander Hall cites impressive figures. Five thousand, six hundred and twenty-seven people were rescued from deadly peril during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1931. Five hundred and sixty-one distrest people were cared for. Assistance was rendered in 12,097 emergencies—the largest number for one year in Coast Guard history. Including that of cargoes, the value of the vessels assisted fell little short of $50,000,000.

"Dear Dorothy:



"—and we're still talking about our visit with you. Walter is a new man. No more jumpiness. No more sleepless nights. I'll believe anything you tell me now about coffee and nerves.

"Kaffee Hag Coffee is a grand success. We are grateful to you and Harold for a dandy week-end—and a priceless hint about coffee."

• • •

Many people with tendencies toward nervousness are upset by ordinary coffee. Some don't realize it. Others know, but dread giving up the drink they love.

Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee cannot bother nerves or digestion . . . cannot disturb sleep. It is entirely free of caffeine effect.

This delicious real coffee has all the flavor and fragrance of the finest blends. But 97% of the caffeine and the indigestible wax are removed.

Your grocer has Kaffee Hag Coffee—packed in Super-Vacuum to preserve *all* the freshness and flavor. Try it. Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Mollison: "Best Since Lindbergh"

"THE TOUGHEST FLIGHT I EVER MADE."

So said the slender, blue-eyed, sandy-haired sky veteran, Capt. James A. Mollison, "the flying bridegroom," at the end of the first solo westward hop—more perilous than the eastward one—across the treacherous North Atlantic.

Wide World

Herself a Flyer, His Bride Wished Him Luck

Starting from Ireland, Mollison had a warm send-off from Amy Johnson, noted British aviatrix, who recently became Mrs. Mollison.

Fighting his way against wind and fog along the "uphill" course from Ireland, he brought his tiny plane, *The Heart's Content*, down near St. John, New Brunswick, on August 19, thirty hours and fifteen minutes after the take-off. Physical exhaustion and shortage of gasoline combined to cheat him of landing in New York as he had planned.

BUT he could point to several new records, we read. First to make the westward flight alone, he also claimed to have made the first transocean trip in a light craft, and the longest duration flight in a small plane.

Previously the twenty-seven-year-old Scot had chalked up records for flights from Australia to England and England to Cape Town.

"People thought trying to solo the ocean in a light plane was a hit-or-miss venture; they told me it couldn't be done," said Captain Mollison in his story of the crossing, copyrighted by the North American Newspaper Alliance—

"They called my plane the 'flying gas-tank.' Everything went by the board to provide fuel storage. Even food was sacrificed. I didn't even bring a razor. I carried a pound of barley sugar and two small flasks of brandy.

"Don't get the wrong idea. They make the ideal medicinal combination. Barley sugar is easily digestible and brandy is the perfect stimulant, and has no after-effects.

"I waited eight days for good weather reports before starting across the Atlantic. I became nervous with waiting and almost started prematurely. But wiser counsel prevailed. Had I hopped off then, I probably should be at the bottom of the sea now.

"But the start was timed ideally. It's hard to get favorable east-to-west winds. When they came, it was raining, but I struck out. That was at 11:35 A. M. Greenwich time Thursday [7:35 A. M. New York time].

"Flying conditions were good for a while, but as night shut down I ran into fog. I tried to climb out of it, but *The Heart's Content* was too heavily loaded. My ceiling was limited. I was anxious about the allowance I had made for drift, but the calculations must have been well-nigh perfect, for I struck land almost at the exact spot designated.

"My engine worked perfectly throughout the 2,700-mile jaunt. I had no trouble whatsoever.

"More than 500 miles out I sighted a liner [the *S. S. Ascania*]. She gave a blast of her siren in salute. She must have been surprized to see a plane that distance from land.

"It was still dark when I flew over Harbor Grace. I decided not to land there as I had intended, so I swung off for Halifax. Then I was struck with the possibility of making New York non-stop.

"I circled low over Halifax so that the plane might be identified. When I had gone 100 miles or so beyond, it became apparent that my fuel was barely sufficient for the journey and I doubted my chances.

"I was very weary and decided to land. Fog shrouded the coast, which was rocky and forbidding. I turned about and was forced to fly back some eighty miles before I found a suitable place. Owing to the high speed of my long-distance plane, I had to have a large field.

"I sighted a large rolling meadow and descended. I found I had but twenty-three gallons of petrol. At a near-by farmhouse I rested a while and had a sip of tea before driving by auto into St. John, forty miles distant."

CAPTAIN MOLLISON'S first thought, then, was to use the transatlantic telephone to call his bride, the former Amy Johnson, herself a famous flyer, who had kissed him good-by the day before.

"I'm mighty glad I have justified Amy's confidence in me," he said. "Before I left Dublin yesterday, she said, 'Jim, I know you can do it.' My wife gave me much help in preparing for the attempt. She is one of the best flyers in the world, and therefore she is practical. We have only been married three weeks, but she was more concerned about my maps, compass, and calculations than worrying whether I wore a tie or my hair was combed. It made me all the more anxious for success."

No sooner had Captain Mollison flown down to New York, to be cheered and fêted, than he began pushing preparations for the second leg of the round-trip hop. The worst part of the "shuttle" was behind him, he felt, for the prevailing winds make the eastward crossing less hazardous, and he had a return ticket!

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When He Dropt From the Clouds Near St. John

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"Before I planned this flight to America and back and contracted for it with a London newspaper," he told a reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, "I worked out the chances of success—

"I suppose that was natural for one of my race. I knew that my engine should keep turning for twenty hours at least. The trip over proved that my ship has a cruising speed of about 110 miles an hour. The longest lap over the return route should not be more than about sixteen hours, with favorable winds.

"If I hadn't worked out my chances of success pretty well I might be going back by boat but, being a Scotsman, I have concluded that going back by plane is cheaper.

"Figured in American money it cost me just about $65 for gasoline on the trip over. For pocket money, I put a ten-shilling note in my pocket before I started. Like a good Scotsman, I have it still. I've cashed a check since I've been here but I haven't been able to spend a penny."

English papers hail the Mollison flight as a "British triumph."

"It was a practical, scientific flight," says the London *Morning Post*. "It will serve as a valuable contribution to the science of transoceanic flying."

"Captain Mollison," says the London *Daily Express*, "stands in the company of the great pioneers—Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Sir Francis Drake."

Typical of American comment is that of the Milwaukee *Journal*, which thinks that this first solo flight from Europe to America "adds rather more to the conquest of the Atlantic than anything else that has been done since Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris."

Valeting His Majesty

KING GEORGE'S shoes, when he goes hunting in Scotland, are a grief to the Royal Family. A patch has been seen!

He likes them "easy," and, when he needs a new pair, mounts his pony, rides into Ballater, and orders them from an old Scot, who says:

"Weel, I'll do ma best for your Majesty, but I'm making no promises, mind."

But King George's clothes! Nearly five hundred suits and uniforms he has at home, and in August, while the monarch is away in Scotland, shooting, Richard Howlett, "superintendent of the wardrobe," gets them all out and tidies them up, as each must be ready at a moment's notice.

It is a great care, for, according to Mr. Hayden Church, who writes from London to the New York *Times*, Howlett "never knows which ceremonial dress will be called for next," while uniforms range from "undress" to full, and "medals, decorations, insignia—there must be no mistake about any of them." There never is one, for Howlett "knows uniforms better, probably, than any naval or military tailor." As Mr. Church goes on to say—

The London season is the busiest time in the year for Howlett. For with courts, levees, and investitures to hold, garden parties to give, fashionable race meetings like Ascot and Goodwood, and public functions to attend, the King has to wear many varieties of dress.

The royal wardrobe fills several rooms in the north wing of Buckingham Palace. There are air-tight boxes, safes for regalia and insignia, and a room for the storage of the robes and mantles of the orders of chivalry—including those of the Garter, the collar of which contains twenty ounces of pure gold, and is jeweled as well.

Military uniforms form the bulk of the wardrobe, there being two—full dress and undress—for each regiment of which the King is Colonel-in-Chief. Naval uniforms and no end of special civil costumes, among others the Trinity House dress, add to the task of the chief valet and his three assistants.

King George's favorite uniform is that of Admiral of the Fleet. He was brought up as a naval officer and never has lost his love of the sea and ships. In the military section the Field Marshal's uniform is most often used. The full dress is a gorgeous affair with scarlet tunic, buckskin breeches, and cocked hat adorned with feathers. Besides, there is the corresponding "service" dress of khaki, the uniform worn by the King when he visits his troops.

At Windsor Castle King George wears the historic "Windsor uniform" of blue coat, gold buttons, and red collar. At Balmoral Castle in Scotland he wears the kilt, and in the evening he dons the full dress of the Stuart clan, with jeweled silver buckles.

GIVEN a few minutes' notice, Howlett will fish out any rig required for any ceremony. He had long practise, for, as Mr. Church tells us—

He has been in attendance on the sovereign for more than twenty-five years. He is elderly and distinguished-looking, with a quiet, grave, kindly manner. He is trusted absolutely, and has certain confidential duties to perform outside the scope of his official job. His rooms in Buckingham Palace are filled with souvenirs of royalty; the walls are hung with signed portraits that would fill most millionaires with envy. Mr. Howlett is also lucky enough to occupy one of the small official residences at St. James Palace. He is married, and his daughter Elaine is a godchild of the King.

Outside Court circles, Howlett is virtually unknown. Once a year, however, on the King's birthday, he attends a luncheon given by the Royal Warrant Holders' Association, whose members are the firms that enjoy the royal patronage.

The monarch's private wardrobe is not extravagant, for dress means comparatively little to King George. He never has been such a leader of men's fashions as was his father, Edward VII, or as is his son, the Prince of Wales.

If anything, the King is inclined to be old-fashioned in his dress. Until comparatively recently, for instance, he kept up the old custom of passing his tie through a gold ring. Like the late King Edward, he has his trousers creased at the side instead of in front, and he has a fondness for black points on his gloves, whether the latter are white or tan.

Like many lesser men, England's King likes old clothes better than new ones and, whenever he can, sacrifices appearance to comfort.

A Hot Time

BUT A COOL SHAVE

FELLOW citizens, lend us your chins! Is your morning shave a burning question? Would you like a bit of harm relief?

Ingram's platform is "A cool shave and no foolin'!" Ingram's Shaving Cream is not only fundamentally sound, it's fundamentally COOL!

Three constituents make it act like a shaving cream, a tonic and a face lotion. No smarting cheeks, no stinging chin—with Ingram's! Just a close, cool shave from start to finish!

Your corner druggist is waiting to sell you a jar *or* a tube of Ingram's. It comes both ways, the same cool cream! Go down and take your choice right this minute!

If you can't—and you're willing to wait—we'll send you ten sample cool shaves for a 2¢ stamp. Clip the coupon!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM IN TUBES OR JARS

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. F-92
110 Washington St., New York, N.Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

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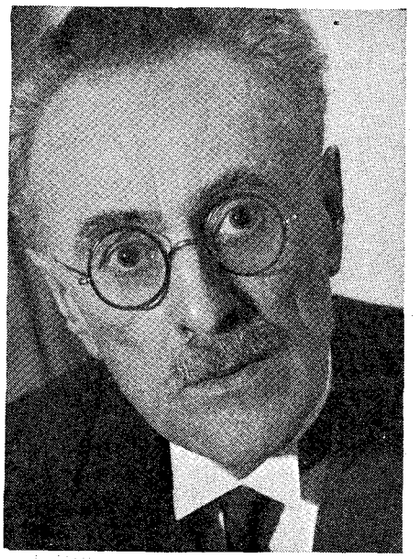


"Her SKIN *completely* CLEARED"

explained DR. MAZERAN

How many people do you know who are made miserable by constantly recurring skin eruptions? It's so often unnecessary, say celebrated specialists!

READ about this actual case from the files of the famous French medical authority, Dr. Alexandre Mazeran:—

". . . a young woman, suffering from an unsightly eruption of the face. Trying to rid herself of her troubles, she had resorted to cathartics. Instead of clearing up her condition, her skin became worse. She was in desperation."

And Dr. Mazeran records simply: "I put her at once on a yeast régime . . . *Her skin cleared up completely.*"

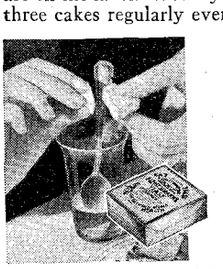
Most people know intestinal sluggishness is perhaps the chief cause of skin eruptions.

But so few know how to get rid of it.

Fresh yeast is a purifying agent. That is, it acts to "tone" and cleanse the entire intestinal tract . . . stimulating the natural action that rids the body of waste.

In addition, it actually softens these wastes so they can be disposed of more easily. Your blood clears. Skin eruptions dry up. The foundation for a radiant complexion is laid.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, and directions are on the label. Won't you try it? Simply eat three cakes regularly every day.



IMPORTANT

Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors recommend.

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Ladybirds Down With Powdered Noses and a Brand-New Record

"WE need a bath!" cried both Ladybirds as they stept from their Flying Boudoir after eight continuous days in the air with four hours and six minutes additional for good measure.

The Ladybirds are Mrs. Frances Marsalis and Mrs. Louise Thaden.

The Flying Boudoir is all very well in its way—a roomy Thrush cabin plane—but affords neither tub nor shower.

The 196 hours and six minutes that ended dirtily but happily at Curtiss Field the other day are a record, beating the previous women's endurance mark by a little more than ninety-six hours. That previous record might have been better had not the airport manager taken pity on Bobby Trout and Edna May and ordered them down.

Quite fit and fresh the Ladybirds looked when they landed. Five thousand loudly applausive spectators admired their freshly powdered noses and beautifully curled hair. However, Mrs. Marsalis said, "I'm glad I'm on terra firma, but I'm not very firm." A bit later, Mrs. Thaden wilted.

Both Ladybirds made little speeches into the microphone, telling how delighted they were, and, according to the New York *American:*

They were presented with several bouquets and Mrs. Thaden threw her arms around the neck of Stewart Reiss, one of the pilots of the refueling ship, and thanked him.

It was then that Mrs. Thaden wilted and sank down on the running-board of a near-by auto. Her companion hurried over and said:

"Louise, don't pass out now. Remember the storm we went through the other night!"

During the day, both women complained of the monotony of wheeling the big ship back and forth through the skies. They toyed with the idea of flying to the Cleveland air races, but to have done so would have endangered their record, as flying rules for endurance flights require that the plane must land on the field from which it took off.

After the flight both women were weighed and found they had reduced. Mrs. Marsalis dropt from 128 to 126, and Mrs. Thaden from 130 to 120.

Wide World

Victorious Ladybirds: Mrs. Marsalis, Who Needed Hairpins, Is at the Left

Following dinner at the Garden City Country Club, the flying matrons were presented with $500 each by the backer of the flight, I. J. Fox. They also received monetary gifts from the Texas Oil Company and the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

Fox announced he was willing to back the pair in a flight to Moscow—a proposition which was received with indifference by Mrs. Thaden, tho Mrs. Marsalis said she would be glad to make the attempt.

IT was on a Sunday afternoon that the Ladybirds alighted. They had beaten the old endurance record for women the Friday before, but, so the reporter tells us, "tacitly admitted that they had no hopes of breaking the men's endurance mark of 647 hours, 28 minutes, set by Forrest O'Brine and the late Dale Jackson."

In the same newspaper we find Mrs. Marsalis's own remarks on the flight, as reproduced by Charles M. Bayer:

Flying in a circle, going around and around, with no one to call on, is a very monotonous procedure after the second day. And when Casey Jones, our manager, sent up a message yesterday on the side of another plane, telling us to come down, we were so happy we almost tore the cabin apart. We shouted, we almost cried, there was so much joy in that cabin.

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We were coming to earth for the two things we missed the most in those eight days—a chance to stretch our legs, and a good hot bath.

Our cabin necessarily was cramped and we couldn't very well stretch out. Sometimes our legs got numb, so we rubbed them, starting again the sluggish circulation. As for baths—well, we took alcohol rubs regularly and that helped—but soap and hot water will never be replaced by a substitute. You've no idea how much a bath can be missed.

No, we didn't get on each other's nerves. When we came down we were smiling, and that's the way it went between us during the entire flight. We shared the work equally. But there were times when our nerves were on edge, because we would get so terribly tired.

It was a terrible strain pumping fuel into the gasoline tanks. It was hard on the shoulders. Such rest as we got we had to spread out over the entire twenty-four hours of a day. During the night-time, one of us would sleep two hours, then the other would take a nap. In the daytime we stretched these sleeping periods to three hours.

We had an air mattress aboard, and this, narrow and not too comfortable, but most welcome when a person's all in, was what we slept on.

NUMEROUS press accounts of the flight emphasize the Ladybirds' vehemently reiterated demands for hairpins and cosmetics. It took a long time to get them, for as Mrs. Marsalis observes, "Men perhaps don't understand that a woman wants to be made up all the time. Continuing, she says:

We wanted to be as presentable as possible up there, altho we were alone. We wanted lipstick and rouge and cold cream. We got it finally, but not until the last day. Then the cold cream wasn't what we wanted, because we couldn't spell the name of the kind we use. But what we got was welcome.

I missed hairpins terribly. A woman is always losing her hairpins. Louise didn't mind, because she has short hair, but my hair is long and when I would take off my helmet, the motion of the plane would loosen my hairpins. They'd get scattered about and lost.

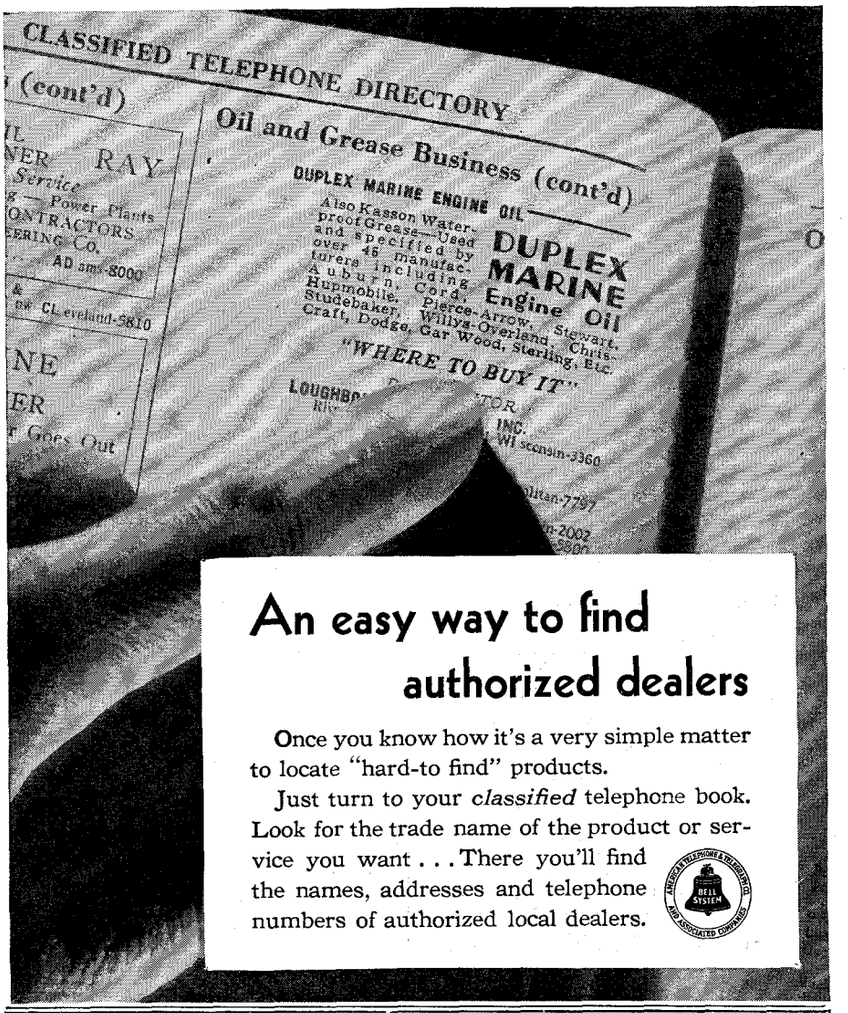
As we flew, we got hundreds of letters from fans asking for our autographs, and we tried to read the letters, but got through only a few. What we missed most were newspapers, and we asked for them, but they were so bulky they weren't sent up.

Our worst night was last Thursday, during the awful rain-storm. It was foggy, too, and all we had to guide us were the red lights of the field. We kept circling about the lights, sometimes flying so close to the ground we could see persons.

That evening we got our gasoline from the refueling plane while flying above the clouds. But we didn't get our dinner that night.

Our food was good and there was plenty of it. Mostly roast chicken, which we tore apart with our hands and ate with our fingers. You see we didn't have room to spread out a table and use knives and forks. We had steak, too, all cut up in little cubes, and potatoes and desserts.

We could have gone on forever, it seemed to us. The engine was working as perfectly when we came down as when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DUPLEX MARINE ENGINE OIL
Also Kasson Water-proof Grease—Used and specified by over 15 manufacturers including Auburn, Cord, Hupmobile, Pierce-Arrow, Stewart, Studebaker, Willys-Overland, Chris-Craft, Dodge, Gar Wood, Sterling, Etc.
DUPLEX MARINE Engine Oil
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

An easy way to find authorized dealers

Once you know how it's a very simple matter to locate "hard-to find" products.

Just turn to your *classified* telephone book. Look for the trade name of the product or service you want . . . There you'll find the names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized local dealers.

Hope Is a False Friend!

Do things you want seem to be always just beyond your reach? Do your carefully laid plans often go amiss? Do you wonder why others with less ability seem to have the power to get so easily those things which add to their prestige, comfort and enjoyment? Then don't rest your future on hope alone. There's no such thing as "a change of luck" unless you direct that change by your own will. BE YOURSELF—AT YOUR BEST.

Within you lies something more magical in its functioning than Aladdin's Lamp—a power by which you can obtain that which you want! Sounds too good to be true, particularly so if funds have to be considered or opportunities are seemingly restricted—yet that it is true you will realize once you know how to use this power.

Science Points the Way For You Through

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY

to use this power with amazing results. A working knowledge of its principles will enable you, just as it has enabled others, to exert a greater influence—mentally, morally, spiritually, physically, socially and financially. The basic laws and fundamental principles of this science have been correlated, coordinated and clarified. These priceless truths are presented you in plain, every-day language in the Basic Course of Reading in Applied Psychology (organized common sense) which we believe to be of decided value to every man and woman regardless of age, higher education or social position.

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"Chic" Sale writes about a TRAVELING MAN

ME and Ed Smithers was in the smoker on the way over to Durham when in come a feller with two glasses, an orange, a lemon, a spoon wrapped up in paper, and a bottle of medicine. Well sir, wantin' to postpone swallerin' that mess as long as he could, he got to talkin'. Said he'd tried takin' it with sugar, sarsaparilla soda water, and lots of things. Said orange and lemon juice was the least worst.

Ed took a little blue box of chocolate tablets out of his pocket and handed the poor feller a couple. "Eat those and you won't taste the medicine," Ed said. The feller ate the tablets and said they sure was good. He asked Ed how they would kill the taste of his medicine. "Well," Ed sez, "I said you wouldn't taste that mess you was goin' to take and you won't. Jest throw it out the window. You don't need it now."

"Chic" Sale

"Wantin' to postpone swallerin'" nasty cathartics is one of the reasons why Ex-Lax is so popular. Everybody likes the taste of Ex-Lax, "the chocolate tablets in the little blue box." Children take it eagerly—they love it.

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we went up, altho there may have been some vibration.

Mrs. Marsalis, the former Frances Harrell of Centerville, Mississippi, is a transport pilot. In 1929 she competed at Cleveland in the National Air Races. For a time she was the sole woman member of Curtiss-Wright exhibition team of aces on tour from Cuba to Canada. According to the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

Following a flying romance during her course of instruction at Curtiss Airport, Valley Stream, in 1929, she was married to Lieut. William Marsalis, her instructor.

A short time later the couple moved to Brooklyn, where they are now living. Most of her flying of late has been done from Floyd Bennett Field, the municipal airport at Barren Island.

The Caribou's Last Stand

GREAT fun an old trapper can have, with two naturalists at his mercy, for there is a strong temptation to stuff them both, send them on fools' errands, and laugh.

Consider, then, the curious sensations of Vernon Bailey and C. M. Aldous, government biologists, when recently an old trapper in Minnesota told them that the caribou still lived and that, if they would go to the right hiding-out place, in "the almost impenetrable swamps and bogs of the upper lake region," they would see for themselves!

Believe it? How could they? Every one knew that there were no caribou left roaming alive anywhere in the country, and the naturalists had had more than enough of swamps and bogs already.

Yet a game warden, Walter Hensel, substantiated the old trapper's story. He had twice seen four caribou, and would serve as guide.

So off they started through bogs and swamps and the accumulated débris of years, and, in the fastnesses of the Upper Red Lake, came at last to a small eminence. They hid there and waited, until—

"Look!" whispered Hensel.

They looked, and with their own eyes beheld two members of the last band of the caribou in the United States. They finally saw eight.

How long will those eight survive? Despite their wariness and cunning, the timber wolf picks off the caribou, and Mr. Edwin C. Torrey tells us in the New York *Journal* Magazine that:

While the timber wolf lives in the main on the snowshoe rabbit, it takes heavy toll of the deer herds as the small animals become scarce, and is particularly destructive when the heavy crusted snows of winter easily bears its weight in the chase as the quarry, panic-stricken, breaks through, and flounders to its death.

"It will be nothing short of a State and national disgrace if no systematic effort is made to protect and preserve these last representatives of the caribou bands that once roved unrestricted over the northern country," says Mr. Aldous.

In this pronouncement he is seconded by Mr. Bailey, who agrees with him that the Federal Government or State, or both working together, should station an experienced frontiersman in the territory to furnish watch and ward over the straggling herd, and to make constant war on the wolf bands that menace its existence.

"This would be a hard and lonely job," continues Mr. Aldous, "but there are doubtless men who are fitted to do it, and could be obtained. From his cabin among the evergreens as a center, this guardian of the few remaining caribou could establish lookouts where concealed and camouflaged he could study the herd and protect it from lurking foes. This would be an exacting job, and an inexperienced guardian might do more harm than good. Here, it seems to me, is an opportunity that should not be overlooked or neglected by the State Department of Conservation. I am glad to say that Mr. Bailey heartily coincides in these views."

Mr. Bailey, Mr. Torrey informs us, is a native Minnesotan whose people "homesteaded many years ago near Elk River," and who has spent most of a long life in the study of wild animals in the Western States:

He has roamed field, plain, and mountain, and has recorded his observations in various publications that have become standard among naturalists and biologists.

As Mr. Torrey reminds us, caribou were "comparatively abundant sixty or seventy years ago in the northern border counties" of Minnesota.

"The species are peculiar," he says, "in that the females bear antlers, smaller than the males, but antlers just the same," while "other peculiarities are a round barrel-shaped body and enormous splayed hoofs, the latter a provision of nature to enable the animal safely and surely to traverse the endless bogs in which it makes its home." Whereupon, Mr. Torrey quotes Thaddeus Surber of the Minnesota State Game and Fish Department:

"Unlike the moose, which is more or less solitary in habits, caribou congregate in herds, particularly in the late fall and winter months, when they frequent the open muskegs and barrens," says Mr. Surber. "In summer months they inhabit the dense spruce and cedar swamps where the young are born in May or June. They shun the neighborhood of man even more than moose, and are harder to approach during the hunting season, but easily become panic-stricken once the hunter gets within range. Whole bands have fallen easy prey to the cool-headed hunter. This one peculiarity, more than any other, has accounted for their rapid extinction in the neighborhood of civilization.

"Up to about 1885 caribou were still rather common in the upper part of Lake County and the greater part of Cook County. North of Upper Red Lake they were also common at a somewhat later date. They appeared to wander from east to west and back again across the wide expanse of bog and dense timbered swamps lying between north central Koochiching and eastern Marshal counties. Let us sincerely hope that the enthusiast endowed with a desire to add just one more head to his list of trophies will avoid this territory and leave unmolested the remnants of the last herd within the boundaries of the United States."

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

A LITTLE drama here of whose theme Henry James made a poignant short story. In *Versecraft* (Emory University, Ga.):

COLLEGE PROM

BY ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

We meet again, now, after many years,
Who parted, pale and passionate, in tears,

Amid the music of the southern night,
The song of mocking-birds in mad delight,

There in the tall magnolia trees—the tune
They sing beneath the yellow moon.

The final moment of farewell—and we
Distraught at parting, vowing constancy.

Tonight the orchestra plays madly all
The newest jazz, and gay, young dancers call

For encores. I sit here, a chaperon,
And watch the dancers, with my eyes on one,

My daughter, there, the pretty one in blue.
Then suddenly you bend above me, you,

You—after all these years, at middle age!
The storming instruments about us rage.

We greet each other calmly, cordially—
"How have you been, and where?" you ask of me.

And I politely answer this and that. . . .
We find it somewhat difficult to chat

Above the wailing of the saxophone
To which my daughter dances—with your son!

IT is a pretty conceit that the stars cry as they are extinguished by the dawn. In *G. K.'s Weekly* (London):

DAWN

BY TERESA HOOLEY

I woke. The night was dying.
Mingled there came
The little lambs' thin crying,
The last stars' flame.
And which was starbeams dying,
Far, faint, and shrill,
And which the lambs' pale crying
I wonder still.

THIS poem may speak volumes to those who saw the agony of Flanders. Credit *The Atlantic Monthly* (Boston):

THE RETURN TO FLANDERS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

Hearing the voice, as in a dream
He rose and followed. Nothing stirred
Save that the air was ringing still
With the call he'd heard.

Before him lay a lonely land
Where it was neither night nor day;
How forlorn, how desolate,
No word could say.

Along a road, what had been trees
Stretched tortured limbs against the sky.
That evil place seemed very heaven;
He knew not why.

Deep in reverie he stood;
Then, in a flash, his body knew
And cried in anguish: 'What is this
You make me do?'

Little could his body guess
Why spirit found that stricken plain
So beautiful, or why it said,
'Home! Home again!'

WOMEN do not pine and weep over unrequited love to-day, but get their back up and teach the errant one a lesson like here in *The Lantern* (Brooklyn):

SHOULD I RISE AT DAWN

BY HELEN ESTELLE DE CAMP

Should I rise at dawn and leave my bed
And make my way to a field of daisies drenched with dew,
Braving the lark's arpeggios like sleet about my head,
Giving over to cool little winds like fingers of children rumpling my hair,—

Think not I go to keep a phantom tryst with you,
Nor condescend, concluding thus, to pity me whom you have put so lightly by.
Beauty is my darling now; my truer love; my own until I die.

However, should you follow there,
Not with compassion on your lips; not in the dew and the daisies to kneel
And bury your face in my skirt and cry;
But to fatten the ribs of yelping Pride with a woman's secret, nor whistle him to heel,

In that place,—
Elysian once because of you, who held me warmly, but twined
No daisies in my hair,—
You will not see our meeting; how purely I am pressed
To her lovely, stainless breast.

You will be blind,
As now I know you always were,—to Beauty's face.

PERHAPS you think this writer in the Brunswick (Me.) *Record* overfull of optimism; or perhaps he thinks the rising generation have suffered too many knocks, and he tries to adjust the balance. He prefers to remain anonymous:

THE BELIEVER SPEAKS

I like this rising generation.
I like the way it laughs,—with head thrown back and wide mouth full of wolf-white teeth.
I like the way it's built,—slender and supple as a willow wand, to bend and not to break.
I like the way it moves,—like a bird swooping, direct and certain, but graceful withal.
I like the way it talks,—slangily, succinctly, chary of words and prodigal with laughter.

I like the way this rising generation works,—matter-of-factly, and with a proper pride.
I like the way it plays,—wholeheartedly, gaily, with a nice appreciation of the fine points of every sport, with a really sporting spirit and a liking for them all.
I like the way this rising generation dresses,—riding hatless in the easy comfort of jodphors and open shirt, or swimming in bathing togs the soul of brevity—its street clothes trim as a clipper ship,—its evening dress formal to the last degree of elegance.

I like this rising generation,—its nonchalance that lifts a politely bored eyebrow at reference to the "Golden Rule," the while it tucks a steadying hand beneath Old Age's elbow.
I like this rising generation,—its wisdom and the poise it gains therewith, and I like its delightful occasional descent into infantile ingenuousness.
I like its canniness,—that leaves a picnic ground immaculate, but strews its small belongings from attic to front door, at home, for those whose best love shows itself in service to pick up.
I like this rising generation,—I admire its standards, its overwhelming honesty, its clean, wise mind in a clean, fit body, its persistence, the sporting spirit in which it takes its knocks,—or, having attained a measure of success, the wholeheartedness with which it extends the helping hand to the next fellow.

I like its perfect grooming,—from dense, bright hair to shining finger tips and well shod, high arched, eager feet.

I like this rising generation,—I like its friendliness, —and cool indifference.
I like its level-headedness in danger, its efficiency in difficulties.
I like it for its derring-do, its superficial gloss, its basic strength and fineness.

I like this rising generation—with its future held securely in both strong, slim hands, a smile on its lips and high hope in its young heart.
I LIKE this rising generation.

THIS is in the vein of a story by Henry James of a man so much a figure of society that when he left a room and closed the door behind him, he ceased to exist. In *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York):

THE MASK

BY HELEN HAIMAN JOSEPH

Always a mask
Held in a slim hand, whitely,
Always she had a mask before her face,—
Smiling and sprightly,
The mask.

Truly the wrist
Holding it lightly
Fitted the task:
Sometimes however
Was there a shiver,
Fingertip quiver,
Ever so slightly,—
Holding the mask?

For years and years and years I wondered
But dared not ask.

And then—
I blundered,
I looked behind,
Behind the mask,
To find
Nothing—
She had no face.

She had become
Merely a hand
Holding a mask
With grace.

THE old gods hold their sway over men's hearts to-day, who can sympathize with this lament of great Pan. In the London *Mercury:*

PAN

BY YVONNE FFRENCH

They visit me no more that often came
On summer mornings, white, and drenched with dew,
To wreathe my shrine with laurel or with rue
And swing a votive censer to my name.
No, no, they come no longer, for the star
Of woodland deities has now for ever
Set; and stranger gods have called the nymphs to sever
From old beliefs, and follow them afar.

Moss gathers on my horns: the wild briar weaves
Round them divinity's eternal crown.
The sun shoots arrows through the leopard-leaves
That flecked the fluted pillar gold and brown.
Still with cleft hooves that bruise my trampled tomb
Clamour the flocks that mourn me in the gloom.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Britain's Loan-Conversion Success

"THE BRITISH PUBLIC IS WONDERFUL."

The tribute comes from a British banker quoted in a dispatch from London, and it is repeated in varying phraseology by financial writers here as they contemplate the success of what is called "the biggest conversion operation ever undertaken anywhere on this earth."

It was a good deal to ask three million British bondholders to take a 3½ per cent. instead of a 5 per cent. yield, but the British Government's decision was vindicated, and, in the words of the Boston *News Bureau*, "the indomitable spirit and the solid good sense of the Briton were again attested by the nearly 90 per cent. success of the war loan conversion." We are reminded that "less than 2½ per cent. of the holders flatly asked redemption at once in cash, and more will doubtless tacitly accept conversion by the September 30 option date."

The campaign combined appeals to patriotism, to desire to bring back prosperity, to immediate profit. As a London correspondent of *Barron's Weekly* recalls:

> The man put in charge of the job was General Seely, who had just put through a similar kind of job, that of renewing several hundred million sterling of War Savings certificates.
>
> With the staff of his War Savings Committee and a few extra men he got to work, and within three days of the government announcement, he had the United Kingdom plastered with appeals. What he had to do was to induce the hundreds of thousands of big and small holders to accept a 30 per cent. reduction of income from their investment in the interest of their country. So the first appeal was one to patriotism—
>
> CONVERT YOUR 5 PER CENT. WAR LOAN AND HELP THE COUNTRY TO BETTER TIMES. DO IT NOW!
>
> The first appeal on the patriotic note went over well. But it was not the only one. The British Government knows its public, and the Treasury saw to it that patriotism should not be counted on to do all the work. It offered each holder two slips of paper in different colors. Fill in the one and you would get your money back on December 1. Fill in the other and you would get 3½ per cent. interest instead of 5 per cent. but, at the same time, a cash bonus of £1 per cent., provided you applied before July 31. So Seely's next appeal, after repeating the words of the first one, contained half a dozen more:—
>
> AND GET THE £1 PER CENT. CASH BONUS

And in the end the operation was "successful beyond the expectations of the most sanguine," in the words of the New York *Journal of Commerce*.

IT was only at the end of June that the British Government announced the plan to convert the 5 per cent. £2,086,977,000 War Loan of 1917 into 3½ per cent. bonds. Before July 31, the date at which the Government's offer of a 1 per cent. "cash bonus" terminated, holders of £1,850,000,000 of 88⅝ per cent. of the entire loan had assented. Holders of only £48,000,000 formally asked redemption in cash. As the New York *Times* notes:

> The remaining £188,977,000 is subject to cash redemption on December 1, but the Government has notified holders that, unless they shall have announced by September 30 their desire for cash redemption, they will be deemed to have accepted the conversion terms.
>
> In the present condition of the London money market, *The Times* thinks, the British Government will be able to redeem any remaining non-assenting bonds by short-term loans. Adds *The Times:*
>
> The 5 per cent. war loan was not only much the largest single obligation in the British public debt (or in the debt of any other Government), but it carried the highest interest rate of any British war loan of great size. Under all the circumstances, this prompt and successful achievement of the conversion plan is not only a windfall to the British Treasury, to which it will save some £31,000,000 expenditure per annum, but is an extremely interesting sign of the financial times.

Without an immensely large fund of available investment capital, a far greater part of the holders of the 5 per cents. would have demanded cash. Without positive confidence, both in the future of British institutions and in the future value of good securities, the consent to conversion of so great an investment fund into 3½ per cents., running twenty years before redemption is even optional, would have been at least improbable.

How the Sales Tax Works in Mississippi

"FROM THE MIDWIFE'S FEE to the undertaker's charges."

That, critics said, was the range of the general sales tax adopted by Mississippi a few months ago. For it applied to everything except cotton.

But to-day, if they are not quite ready to cheer it, they have at least stopt hooting it, we are told.

"For one thing, the revenue has been exceeding expectations," writes George N. Coad, in a copyrighted Consolidated Press Association dispatch from Jackson; "for another, the tax has restored the credit of the State; and for a third it promises to relieve property owners of at least half of their taxes."

Other States are watching Mississippi closely. If the general sales tax works there, it may be the solution of their own vexing tax problems. And those who fought—in vain—to have Congress pass a similar measure, are hopeful that Mississippi will supply them with ammunition for a renewal of the fight at Washington.

Telling us more about the operation of the tax in Mississippi, Mr. Coad writes:

> From May 1, when the law became effective, until July 26, the collections were $318,776, with returns incomplete. The cost of collection was about 4 per cent. of the total.
>
> The tax rate on sales of general goods at retail is 2 per cent. On small sales many retailers absorb the levy. Two per cent. is levied on the "business of selling tangible property, real or personal," 2 per cent. on public utilities, except gas and electricity for industrial purposes, on which the rate is 1 per cent. Stocks and bonds are exempted.
>
> All the professions and trades are taxed at 2 per cent. on the gross income above $1,200 annually. Manufacturers pay a tax of 1 per cent. on all sales. Producers of natural gas pay 2½ per cent. Gasoline, tobacco, tickets to shows, and malt for home brew are exempted from the general levy, being subject to higher special rates.

ANY person who refuses to make a return may be fined $500 and jailed for six months. Habitual delinquents may be enjoined from engaging in business. Continuing:

> Bankers interested in the State's tangled finances have been favorably imprest by the returns from the tax, and are considering purchasing $15,000,000 of its bonds, authorized to retire its floating deficit. In the past no bids could be obtained at all.
>
> Much is being written about the highly favorable results of the tax, but it should be pointed out that Mississippi coupled the levy with other drastic measures. For instance, all State expenditures were reduced by about one-third, hard sentences were enacted for any officer who might follow the old Mississippi habit of checking upon non-existent funds, and laws impounding funds in the treasury for outstanding debts were strictly enforced.
>
> All these measures made Gov. Martin S. Conner unpopular for a time, but every Mississippian now admits they have lifted the State from the bankrupt class to that of a fair risk.

"The fight for a [national] manufacturers' sales levy has been long, and is far from being won," remarks the New York *Times*. "But such testimony as that which comes from Mississippi should improve its prospects."

"No form of taxation is all clear sailing," adds the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "but with all its drawbacks the sales tax accomplishes one thing which can not be too strongly emphasized, i.e.—it keeps every voter, regardless of whether he owns property or not, continuously conscious of the cost of government."

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New "Lines" for the Grocery Upswing

CARROT juice and pickled catsup.

These are but two of many new products which the grocery manufacturing companies are pushing as they prepare for a vigorous autumn campaign.

For things are looking up in the grocery trade, for the first time in two years, as we are told by Bradley W. Trent in an article copyrighted by the Consolidated Press Association—

Bettered conditions in the food industry, resulting from the recent price stability, the clean-up of overhanging inventories, the success achieved by new packaged goods and products, along with somewhat improved conditions in many lines, are encouraging the grocers to rebuild sales staffs, map advertising campaigns, and push research programs with renewed vigor. Producers feel that price-slashing has been checked, and that both jobber and retailer now are willing to purchase normal-sized stocks. They have already rehired about one-third of the salesmen they let go two years ago.

Turning to the new products which have been developed, and the new uses for old ones, Mr. Trent tells us that one prominent soup-canning company has produced a tomato that is "thick-skinned, filled with juice, and relatively free of seeds, especially for tomato-juice cocktails." In New York City, carrot juice is gaining in popularity "with some of the folks who want plenty of vitamins." And the artichoke is making headway, too. Last March, it boasted only eleven recipes, "but research now shows that there are at least 125 ways of serving the artichoke," which the Government recently termed a "non-starch vegetable." Continuing—

Canned raisins appear to be within the realm of popularity, according to growers who have been experimenting with seedless raisins, which they plan to advertise as a breakfast dish, delicious when served with cream or milk.

Cheap grains have resulted in production of more than a dozen kinds of new breakfast cereals. To stimulate sales of ham, one company is packing hams in a carton with a bag of sugar for use on the fat side and a jug for basting purposes—all of which pleases the sugar-refiners as well as pork-raisers.

The grocery salesmen will note that retailers are even more interested in nationally-advertised brands than heretofore, because such brands have been kept before the public through advertising, price reductions, and quality maintenance.

Peace at Last.—

Lies here the silent clay
Of August William Shouse—
He brought guests home the day
His wife was cleaning house.
—*Pathfinder.*

Taking His Medicine.—A wedding was delayed recently because the bridegroom fainted. We understand, however, that the poor fellow was mercilessly revived.—*Boston Transcript.*

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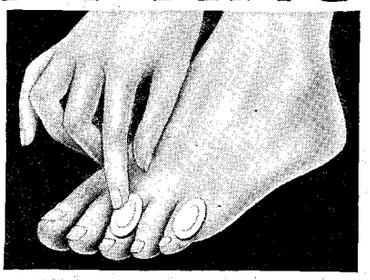

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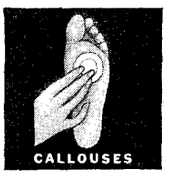

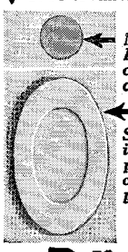

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PATHWAYS BACK TO PROSPERITY

By Charles Whiting Baker, C. E.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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again, against.—"R. E. F.," New Castle, Pa.—The use of the preposition *again* as synonymous with *against* in any of its senses is characterized by the dictionary as obsolete or dialectic. In many of the various dialects of England, *again* is still used in the sense *against;* but in correct English speech, such use has been obsolete for some three hundred years.

Aren't I.—"M. I. K.," Ashland, Ky.—The Lexicographer has at various times commented in his Column on the utterly indefensible and inexcusable "Aren't I." There is no solecism for which he has a greater loathing. Grammatically, it is just as correct to say, "Isn't we."

In England, altho the word *ain't* is condemned, the word *an't* is an accepted colloquialism. It is usually pronounced as the *a* in *father*. But the trouble lies in the fact that it is recognized not only as a contraction for *are not*, but also for *am not*. Hence, one can say, with propriety, either "An't I," or "An't we."

To the average person in England, where the letter *r* is obscure, there is no difference in sound between the contraction *an't* and the contraction *aren't*. Hence, some recent illiterate English writers, trying to show an air of erudition, and knowing that "An't I" was acceptable, *miswrote* the *an't*, in their ignorance, as *aren't*, and gave birth to the frightful solecism, "Aren't I." Some Americans, aping the English in all things, right or wrong, and not realizing that it was the "low-brow" English they were aping, have blindly followed.

boiled shirt.—"O. J. P.," Le Sueur, Minn.—The Lexicographer first heard this expression many years ago in our Western mining-camps where the miner "dolled" himself up on Sundays, or other gala occasions, by donning a "boiled shirt," meaning any stiff-bosomed white shirt of the bygone era, in contradistinction to the ordinary flannel shirt which, under no circumstance, could be boiled. Those individuals, bankers, storekeepers, gamblers, pedagogs, ministers, and the like, who wore stiff shirts habitually, were referred to as the "boiled shirts," rather contemptuously, because their means of subsistence were not gained through physical toil.

budget.—"N. C. H.," Aberdeen, N. C.—This verb is defined: "To provide for, as in a budget." The use is very old, and is but slightly modified in the present sense. The participles are *budgeting* and *budgeted*.

canapé.—"S. E. N.," Fort Gaines, Ga.—The correct pronunciation is *ka''na''pe'—a's* as in *artistic*, *e* as in *prey*. The word means, "bread fried in butter or fat and served with anchovies or other relishes as hors-d'œuvre."

diction.—"C. T. L.," Hartford, Conn.—*Diction* is the word referred to. It means: "The use of words or the manner of using them either in literature, oratory, or song; the manner in which anything is expressed in words. It includes articulation, pronunciation, intonation, declamation, and punctuation."

disillusion.—"W. E. D.," Washington, D. C.—This word means, "to free from illusion; disenchant," and is the exact opposite of *delude*. One says of a motion-picture, for instance, that he has been *disillusioned* of the romance of war. As a noun, one might use the word in describing the work of the late Harry Houdini in exposing spiritualistic fakery, as a series of *disillusions*.

evening, of an.—"L. B. S.," Pittsburgh, Pa.—The expression "of an evening" was once the standard expression, but is now archaic and dialectal. It has been replaced among careful speakers by "during an evening."

fasces.—"W. E. L., Brownton, Minn.—The symbol on the reverse of the dime is known as the *fasces*, the emblem of official authority or power carried before the higher magistrates of ancient Rome. It was composed of rods, generally birch, bound around an ax, and symbolized the power of the magistrate to chastise or to behead criminals. On the dime, this emblem is represented as embraced by a branch from an olive-tree, the combination designating "peace and power."

gewgaw; Macabre; Titian.—"J. B.," Brandon, Man., Can.—(1) *Gewgaw* (not *geegaw*) is pronounced *giu'go—iu* as *eu* in *feud*, *g* as in *go*, *o* as in *or*. It means a flashy, useless trinket. (2) *Macabre* (preferably spelled *macaber*) is pronounced *ma-ka'bar*—first and third *a's* as in *final*, second *a* as in *art*. It is an adjective, and means "relating to or descriptive of a dance of death." The word is presumably derived from the Arabic *makbara*, but as paintings of such imaginary scenes were not uncommon during the Dark Ages, the name may possibly be that of a painter of a Dance of Death. (3) *Titian* is pronounced *tish'an—i* as in *hit*, *sh* as in *ship*, *a* as in *final*. It is the popular name of the great Venetian painter, Tiziano Vecellio (1477-1576).

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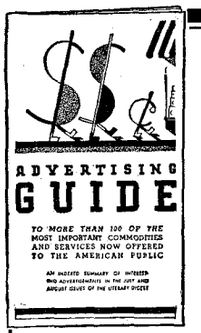

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CONTENTS

THE LITERARY DIGEST
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VOLUME 114 NUMBER 10

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TOPICS OF THE DAY
Tuning Up for *The Digest's* Presidential Poll 1
Roosevelt's Economic Credo 2
A Dry Blast From Curtis and Kansas 4
The New Ottawa Trade Pacts 5
Rivalry in the Stratosphere 6
Topics in Brief 7

FOREIGN COMMENT
Indian Rage at MacDonald's Vote Plan 8
Corsica's Two Brands of Bandits 9
Death and Russia's Lean Harvest 10
Modernism's Stride in Japan 11
Putting the Rubicon on the Map 11

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Indoor Fruit Orchards 12
Short-Wave Electrical Treatment 12
The Typewriter in the Classroom 13
Good News for Babies 13
Teaching Foreign Languages by Signal 14
Debunking the Vitamins 14
Electric Eyes: Four Kinds 15
Broadcasting From Your Coat Lapel 15

LETTERS AND ART
Britain's "Olympiad of Brains" 16
Bali: the Blessed Isle 18
What Musical Stars Laugh At 18
Luks, the American Frans Hals 19
The Cover 19

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE
Our Vagabond Army of Wandering Boys 20
Scientists Who Go to Church 21
The Baptist Vision of a New Society 21
The Menace of the "Mass-Man" 22

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
His Hand Was Quicker Than a Wolf's Jaws 23
Arabian Nights Adventures of a Lock-Picking Houdini 24
Helen II, New Queen of the Courts 25
Post-Olympic Feats and Cheers 26
Flying Ambulances for Sick Sailors 28
Mollison: "Best Since Lindbergh" 30
Valeting His Majesty 31
Ladybirds Down With Powdered Noses and a Brand-New Record 32
The Caribou's Last Stand 34

CURRENT POETRY
College Prom 35
Dawn 35
The Return to Flanders 35
Should I Rise at Dawn 35
The Believer Speaks 35
The Mask 35
Pan 35

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Britain's Loan-Conversion Success 36
How the Sales Tax Works in Mississippi 36
New "Lines" for the Grocery Upswing 37

MISCELLANEOUS
The Lexicographer's Easy Chair 38
The Spice of Life 40

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

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Off Duty.—"Just look at old Phillips over there—thoroughly enjoying himself! And I've always understood he was a woman-hater."

"So he is; but she's not with him tonight."—*Tit-Bits.*

Finding His Level. — JUDGE — "And what did you do when you heard the accused using such awful language?"

POLICEMAN—"I told him he wasn't fit to be among decent people, and brought him here."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sweet and Twenty.—POLICEMAN—"As soon as I saw you come around the bend I said to myself, 'Forty-five at least.'"

LADY DRIVER—"How dare you? It's this hat that makes me look so old."—*Masonic Craftsman.*

Absent Target. — "If your wife is so disgusted with you, why doesn't she get a divorce?" asked the friend.

"Mainly because she'd find the evenings too long and lonesome without me there to lecture, I imagine," replied the unhappy one. — *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Cutting In.—Margery had been watching a fashionable wedding from outside the church. Returning home she reported: "Well, I can't make out who she married. She went in with quite an old man and when she came out she was with a different one altogether."—*Boston Transcript.*

Common or Garden.—"I see," said the man who reads, "that over in Australia they have earthworms ten feet long."

"Yeah?" growled the old married grouch. "Well, over here there are plenty of them between five and six feet tall who are worn to a frazzle earning money for families who are trying to keep up with the Joneses."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Early Bird Variety.—"Is your husband a bookworm?"

"No, just an ordinary one."—*Cape Argus.*

Squawks.—

'Tis better to have loved
And lost
Than wed and be
Forever bossed.
—*Florida Times-Union.*

The saddest words
Of tongue or pen—
Why did I marry
That old hen?
—*Oskaloosa Messenger.*

For the human race
(Thus saith a booster)
The hen's more useful
Than the rooster.
—*Hendry County News.*

Mrs. Fixit in Latin.—Two college girls were having lunch together.

"My dear," said one, "why do you always call your mother 'the mater'?"

"Because," answered the other girl, "she managed to find husbands for all my seven sisters."—*Boston Transcript.*

Getting the Real Low-Down.—There is quite a good deal of misunderstanding about the limits for using hose for sprinkling purposes in Amherstburg. A woman phoned the city water office regarding the hours for sprinkling the lawn. "What is the proper time to put on my hose?" she asked. "Really, madam, I believe immediately after your 'step-ins,'" came the quick reply.—*Amherstburg (Ont.) Echo.*

Wife (visiting scene of their youth): "There, James—there's the corner where you used to wait for me every night."

Husband: "That notice wasn't there then, tho!"

—"The Humorist" (London).

Johnny Morgan on the Job.—PROUD SUBURBAN LADY—"You know my husband plays the organ."

DEPRESS ACQUAINTANCE — "Well, if things don't improve, my husband will have to get one, too."—*London Opinion.*

Save the Pieces.—

We have a new and clumsy girl,
Having lost our careful Dinah;
The new one we have nicknamed "Jap,"
She is so hard on china.
—*E. R. in the Boston Transcript.*

She Won't Throw It Too Hard.—"So your wife is going in for politics, eh?" said the neighbor.

"Yes," sighed the meek one, "she's gone down-town now to get a new hat to throw into the ring."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

When Economy Counts.—There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip—and many a one these days hung up in the bathroom to dry over night.—*Sam Hill in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

And don't mistake it for a towel.—*Boston Globe.*

Knew Its Language.—A certain famous motor-car manufacturer advertised that he had put a car together in seven minutes. The next evening he was called on the phone at dinner time and asked if it were so.

"Yes," was the reply. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I believe I've got the car."—*Puppet.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Rising Prices at Last.—
$25 English Lounge Chairs,
Now $43.33
—*Detroit News.*

Bitter Bite.—
Fish Bites Off Man's
Hand, Asks $7,086
—*Sacramento Union.*

Best Bib and Tucker.—Miss L—— was drest in a blue and the best man was drest in a model crêpe dress and wore a tight-fitting blue silk turban hat. Blue slippers completed the costume. Mr. B—— wore Oxford gray white dark blue suit.—*Riverside (N. J.) paper.*

He Deserved a Rest.—In the hop, step and jump, the committee substituted Sol Furth of the New York A. C., for Levi Casey, Los Angeles veteran who was second in the 1128 Olympics.—*Wilkes-Barre Times Leader.*

Aren't They All?—They will comb the country for an "unknown" to portray the rôle of the "panther woman" in the "Island of Lost Souls."

The girl selected must be 17, and not more than 30 years old.—*Houston Chronicle.*

Big Squeeze.—The net result of all the economy agitation in Congress is a reduction of $150,000,000 in a total budget of four millions.—*Tampa Morning Tribune.*

It's Groggy But Still in the Ring.—
CONGRESS FAILS
TO END BUSINESS
—*Des Moines Register.*

Bring 'Em Back Alive.—
BEARS QUITE COMMON HERE—120 AT CONG'L CHURCH SCHOOL PICNIC
—*Dixfield News in the Lewiston Daily Sun.*

But It Might Be Worse.—
SICKNESS AND DISTRESS
Bro. C. M. Winegar is the father of a baby boy born March 10, 1932.—*Moscow (Ida.) Fraternity paper.*

Are You an Ostrich?—
GOOD THINGS TO EAT
Mohair Living Room Suite, $55; walnut dresser, $8; double bed, $5; single bed, $8; heating stove, $6.—*Jamestown (N. Y.) paper.*

Carrying On in Al Capone's Town.—
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Day and Night Service
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Officiates at Weddings
—*Cicero (Ill.) paper.*

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